ALBUM OF A FAMILY

Hobby—Something you go goofy over to keep from going nuts over things in general.

How Dear to My Heart . . .

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Of springtime new, all skies are blue
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New beauty on, for old time's sake,
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First Thursday. *232 Oak Street.*

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The San Francisco earthquake and fire started at 5:13 a. m., April 18, 1906. The earthquake lasted 48 seconds. Fire did the damage because at that time 90 per cent of the city's buildings were frame. The smoke hadn't died down from the fire before the courageous San Franciscans started rebuilding the city. Of this the brilliant W. O. "Bill" McGeehan, one of the greatest newspaper men of all time, wrote:

Did they think that the sons of the men who had won
With their lives to the Golden Gate
Were the sort that would yelp, like beggars for help
Or would sprawl in the ruins and wait?
It was then that the crashing of hammer and steel
Made a glorious music to hear
For our fathers had beaten this very same trail
With the ax of the pioneer.

Beware so long as you live, of judging people by appearances.

Add desk mottoes: "Any good thing I can do, or any kindness I can show any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it. For I shall not pass this way again—Grellet" . . .

And the funny part of it, she is!

Time and the Penny

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from to 3 p.m. winding clocks in c Back Bay homes, where the e too busy, or too careful of epieces to wind them them- e has 300 clocks on his regu- ing list. —Lawrence Dame.

In Thy Keeping

watch between her and me,
n I am gone.
young and needs happiness
her days. Sometime it's dark
her hand, guide her in
ly ways.
ove her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

The darkest hour in any man's life is w
to g

DEDICATION O
Phill

We stand in Thy presence, O
solemnly and to the end we p
our strength, our means, our
We dedicate the country Th
more religious, unselfish pa
great kingship of Thy Son. W
poses Thou wilt. She is not o
Thy servants. Give us willing
Thou shalt create in all natio
government and Christian li
know not how to speak. Re
devotion. Thou art our God,
God in the highest, and on ea
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EAST
Rudyard Kip

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God'
But there is neither East nor West, Border
When two strong men stand face to face,

A LOST CHORD
Adelaide Anne Proc

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at eas
And my fingers wandered id
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was p
Or what I was dreaming t
But I struck one chord of mu
Like the sound of a great

It flooded the crimson twili
Like the close of an ange
And it lay on my fevered sp
With a touch of infinite ca

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife
It seemed the harmonious ec
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meani
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silen
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it v
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of t
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright
Will speak in that chord ag
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Ame

1989.007.001

I pledge allegiance to the Flag
of the United States of America
And to the Republic for which
it stands,
One nation, indivisible
With liberty and justice for all.
—FRANCIS BELLAMY.

(Above pledge to the Flag was written by Bellamy in Boston in 1892 when he was a member of the staff of the Youth's Companion. Theodore Roosevelt said: *"We have room in this country but for one flag, the Stars and Stripes. We have room for but one loyalty, loyalty to the United States. There is no room for fifty-fifty Americanism in this country. There is room here for only 100 per cent Americanism, only for those who are Americans and nothing else."*)

MEMPHIS, Tenn. —(U.P.)— Sgt. John Newsom of the Memphis army recruiting office, has enlisted what he believes is the tallest man in the U.S. army.

Newsom obtained special permission from the fourth corps area commander to enlist Thomas C. Dame, jr., of Tillatoba, Miss., who stands 6 feet 8½ inches—2½ inches taller than the army maximum.

Dame, who is 24 and married, is nearly a foot taller than the recruiting officer.

Take time to work. It is the price of success.
Take time to think. It is the source of power.
Take time to play. It is the fountain of wisdom.
Take time to love. It is the privilege of the gods.
Take time to laugh. It is the music of the soul.
Take time to be courteous. It is the mark of a gentleman.

Here is the prescription of Dr. Forbes which is recommended as a sure cure for what ails us:

"Read or recite the Ten Commandments every morning and pledge yourself to obey them to the best of your ability. Then added to them the 11th and 12th commandments, 'Mind Your Own Business,' and the Boy Scout slogan, 'Be Prepared.' After that get to your daily tasks and work like hell for victory."

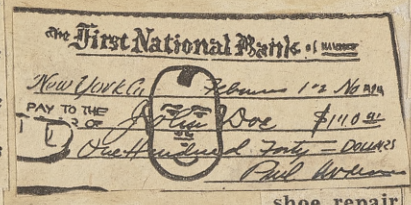
Morale is something like vitamins. You can't see it. You can't touch it. You can't taste it. Yet, if you haven't got it, you're sunk.—Jan Struthers, British author.

Once upon a time there was a wise man who devoted his life to the seeking, searching, and striving after wisdom. In his last will and testament he told of his many pilgrimages to the shrines of learning in many lands. In a few words he revealed the discovery he had made:—

"I looked for my soul,
And I could not find it.
I searched for God,
And I failed in my search.
But just then I found a great and worthy cause and I decided to serve it wholeheartedly,
And lo! behold! I found all three.
I found my soul,
I found God,
And——Humanity."

—Benjamin Franklin first said: **"Nothing is certain but death and taxes."** It was not Shakespeare but Ralph Waldo Emerson who observed: **"All the world loves a lover."** It was General Joffre and not Marshall Petain who in World War One said of the Germans: *"They shall not pass."* And it was Talleyrand who said of coffee: **"It must be pure as an angel, strong as love, black as the devil and hot as hell."**

SO ATTACHED IS **PAUL WHITEMAN** TO THAT FAMOUS CARICATURE OF HIMSELF THAT IT APPEARS EVEN ON HIS **BANK CHECKS.**



shoe repair shop with the clever name: "Booty Parlor."

About 15,000 of the 100,000 colored Jews in the United States live in New York City, where many of them are "naturals" as kosher cooks for orthodox Jewish families who prefer colored servants and who adhere to the Jewish dietary laws, in which these people are specialists.

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately. Benjamin Franklin,

Just a few weeks now and spring poets will have their inning
—and things will go from bad to verse.

What many of us need most is a good vigorous kick in the seat of the can'ts!

60

Three Challenges

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold:
These narrow gates. First, "is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest. "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

DO NOT make things comfortable for yourself in such a way as to make them uncomfortable for others.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

***AN ECHO** at "Eagles Nest" in the mountains near the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, will repeat a bugle note more than one hundred times.*

TAKE the selfishness out of this world and there would be more happiness than we should know what to do with.—H. W. SHAW.

OUR grand business is, not to see what dimly lies at a distance, but to do what clearly lies at hand.—CARLYLE.

A collective farm in Russia is gathering this year a crop of auburn-colored cotton on a 1000-acre plantation. Other state farms have successfully experimented in growing dark brown, blue, dark green and other colored cottons.

EVERY branch of knowledge which a good man possesses, he may apply to some good purpose.—

COURAGE consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.—RICHTER.

CAN YOU SAY THESE TONGUE TWISTERS?

Moses supposes his toeses are roses, but Moses supposes erroneously. For Moses he knowses his toeses aren't roses, as Moses supposes his toeses to be.

A skunk stood on a stump. The stump thunk the skunk stunk, but the skunk thunk the stump stunk.

Incidentally, an ampersand is the character: &

The zenith is that part of the heavens directly overhead.

Train up a child in the way
go, and walk there
ce in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.

"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
And leaves me both sides of it."

s continued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

er it is, the less noise it makes.

little bird with feathers brown
t singing on a tree.
e song was very soft and low
t sweet as it could be.

e people who were passing by
oked up to see the bird
at sang the sweetest melody
at ever had been heard.

t all the bright eyes looked in vain—
rdie was very small,
d with his dark brown coat
e made no show at all.

Why, Father!" Gracie said,
Where can the birdie be?
I could sing a song like that,
I sit where folks could see."

hope my little girl will learn
lesson from the bird,
d always do what good she can
hether it be seen or heard.

RY WARD BEECHER SAID

man has said to you when he was angry.
you with anything you had better look it up.

Family Album

Man is that peculiar animal who gets many a hearty
album, but lo
much as a gr

I WIL

I will be faithfu
Performing a
day
With deep and l
You;
With thankfu
small way

Although I long
That each sma
will bring
Some bit of bea
must grow
Unfolding like
blossomin

And so, dear G
help I cla
Upward, highe
The right to gre
Through all t
done.

s angry.
ok it up.

I'VE just had a loc
And the view I n
For I've found, as I r
That they've got me out on a limb.

ON THE CURTAIN OF FORD'S OPERA HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD.

God conceived the world, that was poetry;
He formed it, that was sculpture;
He colored it, that was painting;
He peopled it with living beings; that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.

INGENUITY

There was an old man, he had a wooden leg,
He had no auto nor no auto could he beg.
He got two spools and an old tin can:
He made him a flivver and the darned thing ran!

PAUL DEHN'S TYPIST IS OFF ON HOLIDAY

My typist has gone on hir holiday
My tipyst has gohn on a spree,
Mx typish hap gone oh hyr haliduy,
O gring bacq m! hypist to me.
Bling bac? oK £ring back
Oh bynK b4cK my tipisth to mi tu mo.
Brung bicq ocsling 8acK
Oh blynK ba"K mg t#pys? tp m/ O demn—

Once upon a time, runs the fable, a traveler came upon three men chipping stone beside the highway. He asked each of them in turn what he was doing.

Said the first man: "I'm chipping this stone."

Said the second: "I'm helping build the wall of a building."

And the third, proudly: "I am building a great cathedral."

God is great;
God is good;
And we thank Thee
For our food.
By Thy hand we are fed.
Give us Lord our daily bread.

We thank Thee, Lord, for food and friends
And everything Thy mercy sends.

Come, O Lord, and be our guest
And our table will be blest!

You can visit China, Egypt, Holland, Ireland, Italy, Palestine, and Turkey—and never leave Texas towns. They are the names of Texas towns. "Ravel" and "unravel" have the same meaning.

THE *pessimist is a person who looks both ways before crossing a one-way street.*

SOME men smile in the evening,
Some men smile at dawn.
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When all his front teeth are gone.

"Evangeline."

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE NUMBER OF PRESIDENTS.

"It is curious to note the number of mistakes made in well-informed quarters," said a thoughtful man. "Here is a Boston paper which calmly remarks that Theodore Roosevelt is our twenty-ninth President. He is not. Nor is his the twenty-ninth presidential term. The facts are thus stated: The first presidential term began March 4, 1789, though the President was not actually inaugurated till April 30th. On March 4, 1905, twenty-nine terms of four years each were completed and the thirtieth term began. As to the separate individuals who have held the office of President of the United States, they are, in their order, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, McKinley and Roosevelt—twenty-five, and no more—Of these nine have been elected for a second term, but two, Lincoln and McKinley, were killed after the second term began. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur became President without having been elected to that office, and each served but a fraction of a term. Mr. Roosevelt became President in the same way, but has made a new record by subsequent election to the office which he first held by succession under the Constitution."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Often a lot, as Dr. A. P. Hudson of Chapel Hill revealed in an address titled *The Science of Naming Negro Babies*, which traces flamboyant y-clepting back to Reconstruction days when freed Negroes eagerly seized the opportunity to exercise a privilege hitherto denied them. "Image of Christ Lord God Brown" was cited as one name illustrating devotion to the scriptures. Another was "I Will Rise and Go Unto My Father Smith." One Negro's name was registered as "And Seven Times Shalt Thou Walk Around Jericho." He was called "Thou" for short.

THE KIND OF SPOON BROUGHT BY THE GUEST OFTEN DECIDED HIS PLACE AT THE TABLE AT OLD-TIME DINNER PARTIES, WHERE EVERYONE BROUGHT HIS OWN CUTLERY. A SILVER SPOON PLACED HIM WITH THE ARISTOCRACY; A BONE OR SHELL SPOON PUT HIM FARTHER DOWN. SINCE SILVER SPOONS WERE HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON, THE EXPRESSION "BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH" BECAME PROVERBIAL

Time and the Penny

CANTALOUPE is named after its birthplace, Cantalupo, Italy.

Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern, setting the Great Chicago Fire, Oct. 8, 1871.

Admiral Richard E. Byrd made a trip around the world alone at 10 years.

Nylon or rayon fibers are to replace silk in the special paper used for printing United States money and government bonds.

A fathom is equal to six feet.

Iron will float in mercury.

The cell of a honeycomb is six-sided.

THERE are more statues of Joan of Arc in the world than of any other national figure. Forty thousand of them have been erected in France alone.

It is not "to gild the lily" but "to paint the lily and gild refined gold." Frank L. Stanton, not Carrie Jacobs Bond, wrote the words to "Just a-Wearyin' for You." Mrs. Bond wrote the music.

It took Thomas Gray 13 years to write his famous "Elegy." The poem contains 32 four-line stanzas, which means that Gray averaged fewer than three stanzas (12 lines) a year!

Orchestra is the modern form of the Greek word orcheisthai, meaning—cross my heart—"to dance!"

War, Famine, Pestilence and Death were the "Four Horsemen" of the Apocalypse.

"The world of conversationalists is divided into two classes; those who listen to what the other person has to say and those who use the interval to plan the next remark."

candy manufacturers slogan: "I can't make all the candy in the world so I try to make the best of it".

Magnolia leaves, treated with glycerine to color them are especially requested. This is done by placing the base of the leaves, stem bruised, in a solution of one part glycerine to 2 parts water for two or three weeks until they turn a lovely brown.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi is the smallest of the several small men who are taking such a large part in world affairs. Mr. Gandhi weighs 112 pounds. He is 73 years old. He was married when 13 years of age. His bride was 10 years old. They are still married and have four sons.

And the funny part of it, she is!

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from to 3 p.m. winding clocks in Back Bay homes, where the e too busy, or too careful of pieces to wind them them- e has 300 clocks on his regu- ing list. —Lawrence Dame.

In Thy Keeping

, watch between her and me,
en I am gone.
's young and needs happiness
her days. Sometime it's dark
e her hand, guide her in
ely ways.
love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

Dear Miss Racy:

Miss Charlotte Reese,

MRS C H ROESEE
1237 SANTA CLAR
VENTURA CALIF

31 ROEVE OXD

MRS C H ROESE

Mrs. C. H. Rocse
1237 E. Santa Clar
Ventura, Calif

Agnes Rosese
1237 E Sts Cl

Mrs. C. Roesn

Mrs. A.A. Rosse,

Miss Rosse

Mrs. C.H. Rosese

Mrs. Gracie

Raisi

E. St Clara

CHARLOTTE RUESE

Agnes Raisa

CALI

Charlotte Roeese

Miss Charalotte Raze.

Reesa

Oh, call me up for ridicule,
And fill my soul with shame,
Reproach, abuse and obloquy
But don't misspell my name.

Mrs. Racey

Mrs. Agnes Razie.

Miss Charlotte Roose

Miss Roesce

Miss Charlotte Russe

Charlotte Rosse

Mrs C H Roeze

Mrs. C. H. Roege

Mrs C H Roise

Mrs Charlotte Roosey
125 Michige

Charlotte Rese,

Charlotte Reeze

Miss C. F. Rolse

Can't they spell your name right either? Then you might take up a hobby like that of Paul Hindesmith, instructor at Yale University. Mr. Hindesmith collects clippings of his name misspelled in print. In the European division of the collection his name was misspelled 60 times. And the American division doesn't make us out as stellar spellers either.

Mrs Rocie

Mrs Agnes Rosea

Miss Charlotte Rouse

Agnes Roose.

DEDICATION (
Phill

We stand in Thy presence, O
solemnly and to the end we p
our strength, our means, our
We dedicate the country Th
more religious, unselfish pa
great kingship of Thy Son. W
poses Thou wilt. She is not o
Thy servants. Give us willing
Thou shalt create in all natio
government and Christian li
know not how to speak. Re
devotion. Thou art our God,
God in the highest, and on e
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EAS
Rudyard Ki

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at Go
But there is neither East nor West, Borde
When two strong men stand face to face

A LOST CHORI
Adelaide Anne Pro

Seated one day at the orga
I was weary and ill at ea
And my fingers wandered i
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was
Or what I was dreaming
But I struck one chord of
Like the sound of a grea

It flooded the crimson twili
Like the close of an ang
And it lay on my fevered s
With a touch of infinite

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming stri
It seemed the harmonious
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed mea
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into sile
As if it were loath to ceas

I have sought, but I seek it
That one lost chord divi
That came from the soul of
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's brigh
Will speak in that chord a
It may be that only in heave
I shall hear that grand A

Train up a child in the way
go, and walk there
ce in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

**"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.**

**"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
And leaves me both sides of it."**

continued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

er it is, the less noise it makes.

*little bird with feathers brown
t singing on a tree.
e song was very soft and low
t sweet as it could be.

e people who were passing by
oked up to see the bird
at sang the sweetest melody
at ever had been heard.

t all the bright eyes looked in vain—
rdie was very small,
d with his dark brown coat
made no show at all.

Vhy, Father!" Gracie said,
Vhere can the birdie be?
I could sing a song like that,
sit where folks could see."

ope my little girl will learn
lesson from the bird,
d always do what good she can
hether it be seen or heard.

RY WARD BEECHER SAID

a man has said to you when he was angry.
you with anything you had better look it up.

1989.007.001

Man is that peculiar animal who gets
many a hearty
album, but lo
much as a gri

I WIL

I will be faithfu
Performing a
day
With deep and l
You;
With thankful
small way.

Although I long
That each smal
will bring
Some bit of bea
must grow,
Unfolding like
blossoming

And so, dear G
help I clim
Upward, highe
The right to grea
Through all t
done.

s angry.
ok it up.

I'VE just had a loo
And the view I n
For I've found, as I
That they've got me out on a limb.

Family Album

Miss Charlotte Rossey

Charlotte and Agnes Rasey

Mrs A Roesea

Miss Roaese,

Mrs. Reese

Miss Charlitt Reise

Miss Raeise

Received of Mrs Roose

Miss Racee

rec-651
Mrs C H Roses

Miss Racie

A.M.

Miss. Charlotte Rease,

Charlotte Roesey

mrs. roses

Mrs Raccee.

Mrs. Rices

Mrs. Agnes Resoe,

Miss Charlotte Roesse

Miss Charlotte Reose,

Charlotte Rouese

Mrs. C. H. Rokse

Mrs. C. H. Roese
1237 S. Clam St

Mrs. C. H. Rocsa,

25N191
Charlotte Roess

Mrs. Raise,

Mrs. A. Noese,
Mill Valley,

Miss Raciey

Miss Rasse

Mrs Raoesy

Raisey

MRS C H ROESER

CHARLOTTE J. RAESE

Charlotte Rosce

THIS IS HARD

It's easy indeed to be merry
If life hums along like a song;
But you're really worth while
If you find you can smile
When your name's in the paper—
spelled wrong.

Charlotte J. Roesse
219 S. Santa Rosa St.
Ventura, Calif.

Dear Miss Rossie

To Miss
Reace

And the funny part of it, she is!

Time and the Penny

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from to 3 p.m. winding clocks in Back Bay homes, where the e too busy, or too careful of pieces to wind them them- e has 300 clocks on his regu- ng list. —Lawrence Dame.

In Thy Keeping

, watch between her and me,
en I am gone.
's young and needs happiness
her days. Sometime it's dark
e her hand, guide her in
nely ways.
love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

A Calendar for Two Hundred Years

Every 400 years, our calendar repeats itself.

By Charles W. Frost

PEOPLE often like to know on which day of the week they were born; others wish to find out on which particular day in the future a certain event will happen, or on which day something occurred in the past. In order that the readers of THE JOURNAL may easily ascertain these things for themselves this Calendar, which covers more than two hundred years, was prepared. It takes in the years 1776-1978.

DIRECTIONS—Look for the year you want in one of the columns of the Index headed "Yr." Opposite the year you will find the number of the Calendar for that year. Then look for the Calendar having that number.

EXAMPLE—Abraham Lincoln was born on February 12, 1809. To find the day of the week look up 1809 in one of the columns headed "Yr." in the Index. Opposite 1809 in the column headed "No." is the figure 1. Now look at Calendar Number 1 and you will find February 12, 1809, came on Sunday.

A person legally comes of age the day before his 21st birthday. The legal birthday of a person born on February 29 is February 28. He comes of age, therefore, on February 27 of his 21st year.

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1797..	1	1826..	1	1855..	2	1884..	10	1913..	4	1942..	5	1971..	6
1798..	2	1827..	2	1856..	10	1885..	5	1914..	5	1943..	6	1972..	14
1799..	3	1828..	10	1857..	5	1886..	6	1915..	6	1944..	14	1973..	2
1800..	4	1829..	5	1858..	6	1887..	7	1916..	14	1945..	2	1974..	3
1801..	5	1830..	6	1859..	7	1888..	8	1917..	2	1946..	3	1975..	4
1802..	6	1831..	7	1860..	8	1889..	3	1918..	3	1947..	4	1976..	12
1803..	7	1832..	8	1861..	3	1890..	4	1919..	4	1948..	12	1977..	7
1804..	8	1833..	3	1862..	4	1891..	5	1920..	12	1949..	7	1978..	1

No. 1.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	...	...	1	2	3	4	...	...	...	1	2	3	4
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
29	30	31	...	...	...	...	26	27	28	...	...	...	...	26	27	28	29	30	31	...

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	...	...	...	1	2	3
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	28	29	30	31	...	...	...	25	26	27	28	29	30	...
30	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	31	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
30	31	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	...	...	1	2	3	4	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
29	30	31	...	...	...	...	26	27	28	29	30	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	31	...	...	...	...	...	...

No. 2.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	...	...	...	1	2	3	...	...	...	...	1	2	3
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
28	29	30	31	...	...	...	25	26	27	28	...	...	...	25	26	27	28	29	30	31

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
15	[illegible]			19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
29	30	...	...	...	...	...	27	28	29	30	31	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
29	30	31	...	...	...	...	27	28	29	30	31	...	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30	...	...	...	...	...	...

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	...	...	...	1	2	3	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
28	29	30	31	...	...	...	25	26	27	28	29	30	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30	31	...	...	...	...	...

No. 3.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	...	1
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	1
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	2
27	28	29	30	31	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

APRIL.							MAY.						
...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	...	...	1	2	3	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5	6	7	8	9	10	1
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	1
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	[illegible]			
28	29	30	...	...	...	...	26	27	...	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

JULY.							NOVEMBER.						
...	1	2	3	4	5	6	...	...	...	...	...	...	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	4	5					
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	11	12					
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	18	19					
28	29	30	31	...	...	...	25	26					
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...					

OCTOBER.							DECEMBER.						
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
26	27	28	29	30	31	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30	...	...	...	...	...	...

No. 4.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	1	2	3	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	
26	27	28	29	30	31	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

APRIL.							MAY.						
...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
27	28	29	30	...	...	...	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

JULY.							AUGUST.						
...	...	1	2	3	4	5	...	...	...	...	...	1	2
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
27	28	29	30	...	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	31	...	...	...	...	...	...

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.						
...	...	...	...	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	...	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

DECEMBER.						
...	...	...	...	...	...	...
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	...	...	...	...	...

No. 5.

JANUARY.							FEBRUARY.							MARCH.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
...	...	...	...	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	29	30	31	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

APRIL.							MAY.							JUNE.						
...	...	...	1	2	3	4	...	...	...	...	...	1	2	...	1	2	3	4	5	6
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
26	27	28	29	30	...	...	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	28	29	30	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	31	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

JULY.							AUGUST.							SEPTEMBER.						
...	...	...	1	2	3	4	...	...	...	...	...	...	1	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
26	27	28	29	30	31	...	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	27	28	29	30	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	30	31	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
...	...	...	...	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	...	...	1	2	3	4	5
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	29	30	...	...	...	...	...	27	28	29	30	31	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...

By the Way's calendar cognoscenti, checking to see how often Miss Crimmins' father, born April 13, 1853, had celebrated his birthday on Easter Sunday, agree that he did so in 1873, 1879, 1884, 1941—and won't do so again until his 99th birthday in 1952 . . .

Repeat. In Wooster, Ohio, College Professor B. F. Yanney, mathematician and astronomer, pointed out that if calendars for 1945 are scarce, old ones from 1934 are exactly the same.

Some statistics about Easter falling on April 1: In the last 140 years or so, it has happened seven times—1804, 1866, 1877, 1888, 1923, 1934 and 1945. Evidently, once it gets going, it occurs every 11 years. Next time, for instance, will be 1956. After that, there'll be a long interval.

YESSIR, THESE FOODY NAMES ARE TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES — WHEAT, WEST VIRGINIA; VINEGAR BEND, ALABAMA; STRAWBERRY, ARKANSAS; PLUM, TEXAS AND WASHINGTON; CORN, OKLAHOMA; FRIJOLE, TEXAS; COFFEE, GEORGIA; PEACHBURG, ALABAMA; MEAT CAMP, N. CAROLINA; BISCUIT, KENTUCKY; SWEETGUM, GEORGIA

MANY OF OUR PRESENT-DAY EXPRESSIONS COME FROM THE BIBLE. EXAMPLE: "EAT YOUR WORDS" "APPLE OF THE EYE" "SOUR GRAPES" "SALT OF THE EARTH"

Train up a child in the way
[illegible]o, and walk there
[illegible]e in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.

"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
And leaves me both sides of it."

continued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

[illegible]er it is, the less noise it makes.

[illegible]little bird with feathers brown
[illegible]t singing on a tree.
[illegible]e song was very soft and low
[illegible]t sweet as it could be.

[illegible]e people who were passing by
[illegible]oked up to see the bird
[illegible]at sang the sweetest melody
[illegible]at ever had been heard.

[illegible]t all the bright eyes looked in vain—
[illegible]rdie was very small,
[illegible]d with his dark brown coat
[illegible] made no show at all.

[illegible]hy, Father!" Gracie said,
[illegible]here can the birdie be?
[illegible] could sing a song like that,
[illegible] sit where folks could see."

[illegible]ope my little girl will learn
[illegible] lesson from the bird,
[illegible]d always do what good she can
[illegible]hether it be seen or heard.

[illegible]RY WARD BEECHER SAID

[illegible]a man has said to you when he was angry.
[illegible] you with anything you had better look it up.

DEDICATION
Phil[illegible]

We stand in Thy presence, [illegible]
solemnly and to the end we [illegible]
our strength, our means, o[illegible]
We dedicate the country T[illegible]
more religious, unselfish p[illegible]
great kingship of Thy Son.
poses Thou wilt. She is not [illegible]
Thy servants. Give us willin[illegible]
Thou shalt create in all natio[illegible]
government and Christian l[illegible]
know not how to speak. R[illegible]
devotion. Thou art our God,
God in the highest, and on e[illegible]
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EA[illegible]
Rudyard Ki[illegible]

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at Go[illegible]
But there is neither East nor West, Borde[illegible]
When two strong men stand face to face[illegible]

A LOST CHORD
Adelaide Anne Pro[illegible]

Seated one day at the orga[illegible]
I was weary and ill at ea[illegible]
And my fingers wandered i[illegible]
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was [illegible]
Or what I was dreaming
But I struck one chord of m[illegible]
Like the sound of a grea[illegible]

It flooded the crimson twili[illegible]
Like the close of an ange[illegible]
And it lay on my fevered s[illegible]
With a touch of infinite c[illegible]

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming stri[illegible]
It seemed the harmonious [illegible]
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed mea[illegible]
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into sile[illegible]
As if it were loath to ceas[illegible]

I have sought, but I seek it [illegible]
That one lost chord divin[illegible]
That came from the soul of [illegible]
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's brigh[illegible]
Will speak in that chord a[illegible]
It may be that only in heave[illegible]
I shall hear that grand A[illegible]

1989.007.001

Man is that peculiar animal who gets
many a hearty
album, but lo
much as a gri

I WIL

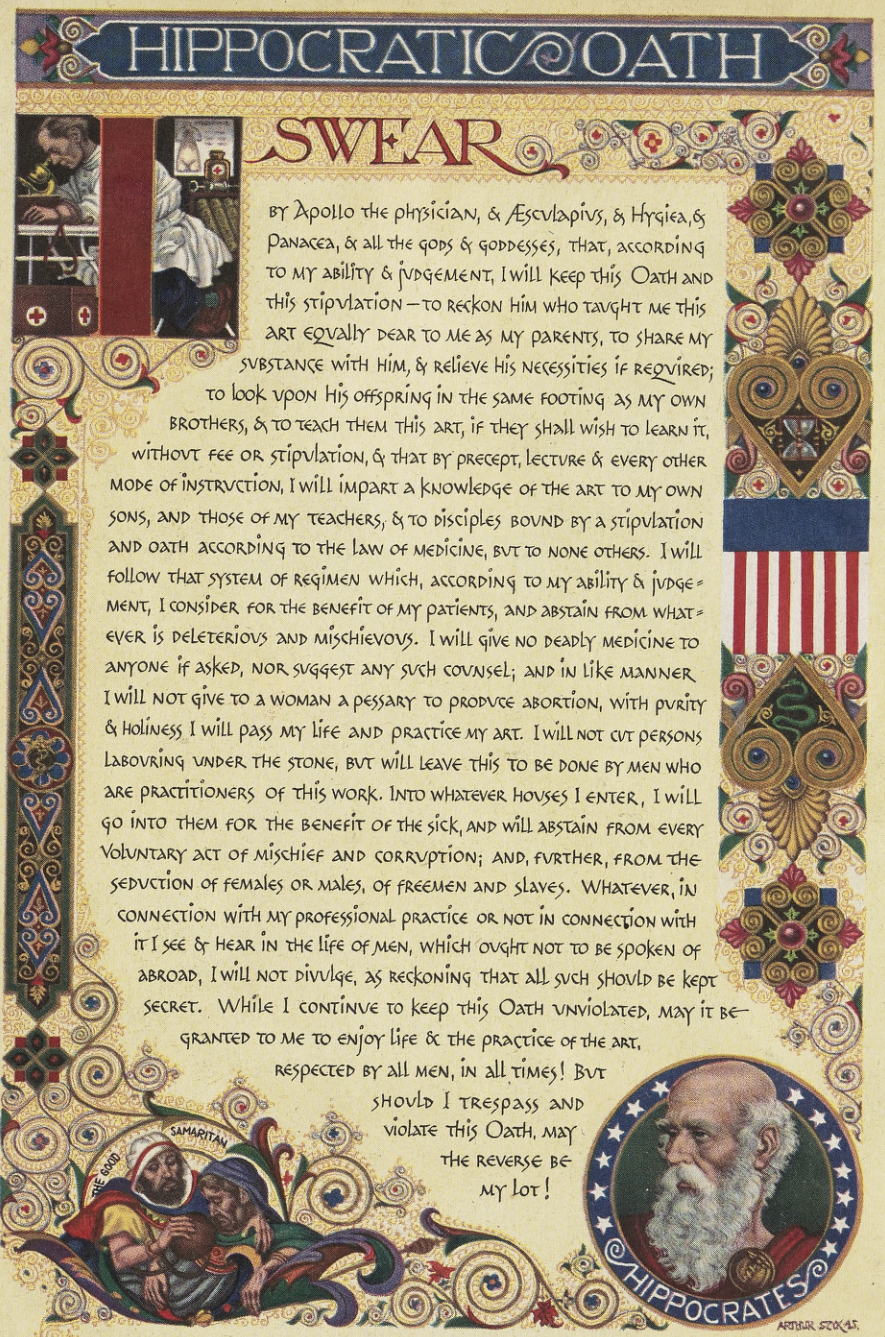
I will be faithfu
Performing a
day
With deep and l
You;
With thankful
small way.

Although I long
That each smal
will bring
Some bit of bea
must grow
Unfolding like
blossoming

And so, dear G
help I clim
Upward, highe
The right to grea
Through all t
done.

s angry.
ok it up.

I'VE just had a loo
And the view I n
For I've found, as I
That they've got me out on a limb.



MEDICINE AS WE know it today—the same medicine practiced and advanced by the "pioneers" described in the preceding pages—can trace its roots back roughly 2,400 years.

The time would be about 400 years before Christ was born; the scene, ancient Greece under the great Pericles; and the man who is most truly the "Father of Medicine" was Hippocrates, a Greek physician who was born on the little island of Cos and who lived from about 460 B.C. until about 360 B.C.

The center of the Greek medical world in Hippocrates' time was the great temple of Aesculapius, where students of the day learned from the masters.

There, at the conclusion of their work and before going out into the world to practice, each student took an oath which Hippocrates had given to the school. It was an oath designed to set forth the duties and obligations of all physicians—and like so much of Hippocrates' work, it too has lived for 2,400 years.

For today, the high code of ethics set down in the Hippocratic Oath is about as applicable as it was 400 years before Christ.

And the funny part of it, she is!

Time and the Penny

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-
repair shop makes the rounds from
to 3 p.m. winding clocks in
Back Bay homes, where the
e too busy, or too careful of
pieces to wind them them-
e has 300 clocks on his regu-
ing list. —Lawrence Dame.

In Thy Keeping

l, watch between her and me,
en I am gone.
's young and needs happiness
her days. Sometime it's dark
e her hand, guide her in
hely ways.
love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

The da
is wher
to get

DEDICATION OF
Phillips

We stand in Thy presence, O Lo
solemnly and to the end we pled
our strength, our means, our all
We dedicate the country Thou h
more religious, unselfish patrio
great kingship of Thy Son. Worl
poses Thou wilt. She is not ours
Thy servants. Give us willing an
Thou shalt create in all nations T
government and Christian liber
know not how to speak. Read
devotion. Thou art our God, and
God in the highest, and on earth
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EAST A
Rudyard Kipling

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and neve
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's g
But there is neither East nor West, Border, n
When two strong men stand face to face, tho

A LOST CHORD
Adelaide Anne Procte

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idl
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was pl
Or what I was dreaming th
But I struck one chord of m
Like the sound of a great

It flooded the crimson twilig
Like the close of an ange
And it lay on my fevered spi
With a touch of infinite ca

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strif
It seemed the harmonious e
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meani
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silen
As if it were loath to cease

I have sought, but I seek it v
That one lost chord divin
That came from the soul of t
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright
Will speak in that chord a
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Am

1989.007.001

70

hild in the way
d walk there
a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

generous lad
rother Tad,"
little Johnny Lovett.

takes the middle
he bed,
leaves me both sides of it."

tinued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

is, the less noise it makes.

bird with feathers brown
ging on a tree.
ng was very soft and low
weet as it could be.

eople who were passing by
d up to see the bird
ang the sweetest melody
ver had been heard.

l the bright eyes looked in vain—
was very small,
ith his dark brown coat
ade no show at all.

, Father!" Gracie said,
re can the birdie be?
ould sing a song like that,
where folks could see."

e my little girl will learn
son from the bird,
always do what good she can
her it be seen or heard.

RY WARD BEECHER SAID

man has said to you when he was angry.
ou with anything you had better look it up.

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» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from noon to 3 p.m. winding clocks in cratic Back Bay homes, where the rs are too busy, or too careful of timepieces to wind them them- s. He has 300 clocks on his regu- winding list. —Lawrence Dame.

In Thy Keeping

God, watch between her and me,
When I am gone.
She's young and needs happiness
For her days. Sometime it's dark
Take her hand, guide her in
Lonely ways.
I love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

Time and the Penny

Family Album

And the funny part of it, she is!

Man is that peculiar animal who gets
many a h
album, b
much as

I'VE just had
And the view
For I've found, as I
That they've got me out on a limb.

The darkest hou
is when he sits
to get money

DEDICATION OF OUR CO

Phillips Brooks

We stand in Thy presence, O Lord, and an
solemnly and to the end we pledge ourselv
our strength, our means, our all, us and
We dedicate the country Thou hast given
more religious, unselfish patriotism, a de
great kingship of Thy Son. Work out in h
poses Thou wilt. She is not ours but Thine
Thy servants. Give us willing and patient
Thou shalt create in all nations Thy chosen
government and Christian liberty. We sta
know not how to speak. Read Thou our
devotion. Thou art our God, and we will p
God in the highest, and on earth peace, go
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Rudyard Kipling

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain sha
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Bi
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come fro

A LOST CHORD

Adelaide Anne Procter

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife.
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

1989.007.001

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here

NGS.

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evening in each week, and two weeks in every year.

pass upon the current affairs and management of the school.

The enrollment of pupils is performed by the Board after candidates have submitted to a medical examination or presented a medical certificate as to their general health and fitness, also an endorsement of their good character from two or three reputable persons not of their own kin.

They must agree in writing to comply with all rules and conditions, and truthfully answer all questions submitted to them.

Candidates should be possessed of a common school education and be between 21 and 30 years old, but in appointing a candidate the Board may make exceptions with respect to age. Pupils are under the immediate authority of the Resident Physician and the Matron and must comply with their instructions.

All pupils shall serve two months on probation with free board, lodging and laundry, but without pay. At the end of the second month the Schoolboard decides upon their final admission to the school for a period of two years, inclusive of the time of probation. When thus admitted, pupils receive eight dollars ($8.00) per month for the first ten months, and ten dollars ($10.00) per month for the second year, for current personal expenses, besides gratuitous tuition, board, lodging and laundry. This sum is in no way intended as wages, it being considered that their education during this time is a full equivalent for their services.

The Schoolboard has full power to dismiss any pupil at any time for good and sufficient cause, such as disobedience, neglect of duty, unbecoming conduct, etc.

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Family Album

Man is that peculiar animal who gets
many a hearty laugh ou
album, but looks in a
much as a grin.

Time and the Penny

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A CARELESS LISTENER REGRETS

When God gave out brains, I thought
He said trains, and I missed mine.
When He gave out looks, I thought
He said books, and I didn't want any.
When He gave out noses, I thought
He said roses, and I ordered a big one.
When He gave out legs, I thought
He said kegs, and I ordered two fat ones.
When He gave out ears, I thought
He said beers, and I ordered two long ones.
When He gave out chins, I thought
He said gins, and I ordered a double.
Boy, am I a mess!

SAD FACT

By W. G. BOWLES

If I were young, and in my prime,
But still retained the knowledge
Of many things that I have learned—
I don't mean learned in college!—
There's little doubt that I would be
Unique in my capacity,
There are so few, enlightened, who
Enjoy such perspicacity.

So must it be forevermore
Into eternal limbo,
As knowledge sneaks in by the door,
Youth tumbles out the window.

JUST FORGET IT

If you see a good fellow ahead of the crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head in shame to be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to—forget it!

If you have known of a skeleton hidden away
In the closet and guarded and kept from the day
In the dark and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty good plan to—forget it!

If you know of a spot in the life of a friend—
We all have such spots concealed, world without end—
Whose touching the heartstrings would play on and rend,
Till the shame of its showing no grief could mend,
It's a pretty good plan to—forget it!

If you know of a thing, just the least little sin,
Whose telling would cork up a laugh or a grin,
Of the man you don't like, for the Lord's sake keep it in;
Don't, don't be a knocker, right here stick a pin,
It's a pretty good plan to—forget it!

And the view I now take is q
For I've found, as I rather surmised it would be,
That they've got me out on a limb.

And the funny part of it, she is!

And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

PROGRAM & BILL OF FARE

SECOND - ANNUAL - HIGH - JINKS

OF THE

CROSS COUNTRY CLUB

LAGUNITAS GROVE, Marin Co., Cal.,

Saturday Night, Sept. 21, 1895.

I.

Grand Chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner,"

EVERYBODY.

II.

Rambling Reminiscences of Our Recent Re-Union,

Mr. Fred Fillmore.

III.

That Merry Monarch of Money-making Micks, "MALONE," the Man who forgot that he was dead,

Mr. J. J. FLYNN.

IV.

TIME

V.

SOME SWEET SEPTEMBER STORIES,

Mr. GEO. T. MURISON.

VI.

That boisterous bore, but beautiful ballad, "BINGO,"

Mr. J. F. MARSHALL.

VII.

Two Tropical Tales by THOMPSON.

VIII.

More TIME.

IX.

A Curious Combination of Characters by CONOLLEY.

X.

Various Verses by Volunteer Voices, and Tales by Transient Travelers, with frequent interruptions by

Still more TIME!!!

The morning soliloquy, "What fools these mortals be."

N. B.—Bring Linen Dusters, Fans and Ice, for it will be **HOT.**

COMMITTEES!

GRUB.....J. E. LOCKE AND A. H. CAWTHRA
AMUSEMENTS.....W. F. CONOLLEY
FIREWOOD AND WATER.....GEO. T. MURISON
TENT DOOR-KEEPER.....J. F. MARSHALL

1989.007.001

accept

QUESTIONS FOR APPLICANT.

This paper is to be filled out (in the candidate's own handwriting) and sent to THE SUPERINTENDENT FOR NURSES of the Training School of the German Hospital, 14th and Noe Streets.

QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED BY APPLICANT.

1. What is your full name? . . . . . Agnes Alma Fillmore
2. What is your age? . . . . . 23 yrs.
3. State the place and the date of your birth . . . San Francisco, June 11th 1875
4. Are you single, married, divorced, or a widow? Single
5. If you have children, how many, their ages and how provided for? . . . . . .
6. What is your weight? . . . . . 150 pounds.
7. What is your height? . . . . . 5 ft. - 9½ inches.
8. Have you any one dependent on you for support? No -
9. Are you otherwise free from responsibility, so that you are not liable to be called away? . . . . No.
10. Are your eyesight and hearing perfect? . . . Yes.
11. Have you any tendency to pulmonary disease? . No.
12. What illnesses have you had? . . . . . None since childrens diseases.
13. Educational advantages? . . . . . Country public schools, and two years' course at Field Seminary, Oakland.
14. What is your present occupation, if any? . . . Housewife
15. What has been your previous occupation? . . "
16. Have you ever been in a training school, or employed in a hospital or asylum? If so, when, where, and how long at each place? . . . . No.
17. Give the names and addresses of ~~one~~ 2 person, not your relative, ~~of two persons~~, and also of your physician, and state how long each has known you. Margaret J. Thompson - 3118 Sacramento St. Charles B. Perkins - 1033 Market St. 20 yrs. The late Dr. James F. Sullivan
18. Give home and address of your parents, or your nearest relative. { Name: Fred K. Fillmore / Address: 232 Oak St. San Francisco -
19. If accepted, when would you be ready to enter the School? . . . . . At any time.

Having read, clearly understanding, and fully agreeing to the conditions of admission, I declare the above statement made by me to be correct; and if accepted as a candidate, will in all respects comply with all the regulations of the School and Hospital.

Signed, Agnes Alma Fillmore
(Name of candidate in full.)

Post-office address, 232 Oak St., San Francisco -

Nearest telegraph address, ...

Date, April 26th 1899

Remember when...

"LET-ME LIVE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND BE A FRIEND TO MAN" Sam Jones

THE FACE

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far,
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front get the jar.

THOUGHTS IN
AN ANTIQUE SHOP

If I should live to ripe old age
May I possess some bit
Of individuality,
Refinement, charm and wit;
That I'll not be discarded when
I'm weathered, worn and weak;
But sought after and cherished as
A fine antique.

SEPT. 1896

The da
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to get

DEDICATION OF
Phillips

We stand in Thy presence, O Lor
solemnly and to the end we pled
our strength, our means, our all
We dedicate the country Thou h
more religious, unselfish patriot
great kingship of Thy Son. Worl
poses Thou wilt. She is not ours
Thy servants. Give us willing an
Thou shalt create in all nations T
government and Christian liber
know not how to speak. Read
devotion. Thou art our God, and
God in the highest, and on earth
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF EAST A
Rudyard Kiplin

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and neve
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's g
But there is neither East nor West, Border, n
When two strong men stand face to face, tho

A LOST CHORD
Adelaide Anne Procte

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I was weary and ill at ease
And my fingers wandered idl
Over the noisy keys.

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day
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You
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will b
Some bit of
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Unfolding
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And so, dea
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I'VE just had
And the view
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That they've got me out on a limb.

NOT TRANSFERABLE

"IMP. WOODCOTE VENOM."

Licens

This is to

No. 131 Oak

of Licenses, a Black Tan DO

on said Dog for the year ending J

my office.

J. B. McIntyre, 422 Commercial Street

AN 1851 MODEL.

In Time, A Stitch

It was an odd, tense race in Boston in 1845.

Over flying hands the five seamstresses shot occasional scared glances at the evil machine and its grim young operator. Then the race was over and Elias Howe was grim no longer.

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Fortunately, Howe wasn't the last to tackle the problem. His device would sew only the short length of an underneath "baster plate" to which the cloth was pinned. Other inventors—Isaac Singer, Allen Wilson, William Grover, James Gibbs—made the improvements that "put over" the machine.

Howe sued for infringement of his 1846 patent. The "Sewing Machine War" raged until 1854, when the court decided "for all benefits conferred . . . by the invention of the sewing machine, the public is indebted to Mr. Howe."

There isn't a sweeter, smarter or more loyal breed of dog alive than the dachshund. And despite his name, don't forget the dachshund is of Egyptian origin.—

Time and the Penny

For almost ninety years Lon

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from noon to 3 p.m. winding clocks in aristocratic Back Bay homes, where the owners are too busy, or too careful of their timepieces to wind them themselves. He has 300 clocks on his regular winding list. —Lawrence Dame.

WHITTIER, Dec. — This city, in its quiet Quaker way, today observed the 139th anniversary of the birth of John Greenleaf Whittier, beloved poet who lent his name to this city and in so doing penned a poem which is dear to all true Whittierites.

In speaking of his name, the poet wrote:

"Not children have I to bear it on.
Be thou its keeper.
Let it take, from gifts well used and duty don,
New beauty for thy sake."

The last stanza of the six he wrote reads:

"A life not void of pure intent,
With small desert of praise or blame,
The love I felt, the good I meant,
I leave thee with my name."

Pickaninny is simply an American corruption of the Cuban piquinini, from the Spanish pequeno, "little," and nino, "child."

A MOTHER had been lecturing her small son, stressing that we are in this world to help others. He considered this for some time, then asked somberly: "What are the others here for?"

MISS RHODE ISLAND PLACE of Winchester, Virginia, married Utah Crosen and named her nine children as follows: Vermont, Virginia, Georgia, Minnesota, Montana, Florida, Maryland, Kansas and Tennessee. —HAROLD HELFER

And the funny part of it, she is!

In Thy Keeping

God, watch between her and me,
When I am gone.
She's young and needs happiness
For her days. Sometime it's dark
Take her hand, guide her in
Lonely ways.
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There are others more handsome, by far,
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front get the jar.

THOUGHTS IN AN ANTIQUE SHOP

If I should live to ripe old age
May I possess some bit
Of individuality,
Refinement, charm and wit;
That I'll not be discarded when
I'm weathered, worn and weak;
But sought after and cherished as
A fine antique.

SEPT. 1896

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a child in the way
o, and walk there
e in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.

"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
And leaves me both sides of it."

continued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

er it is, the less noise it makes.

little bird with feathers brown
t singing on a tree.
e song was very soft and low
t sweet as it could be.

e people who were passing by
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at ever had been heard.

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rdie was very small,
d with his dark brown coat
made no show at all.

Why, Father!" Gracie said,
Where can the birdie be?
I could sing a song like that,
I sit where folks could see."

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1989.007.001

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I WIL

I will be faithfu
Performing a
day
With deep and l
You;
With thankful
small way.

Although I long for
That each small s
will bring
Some bit of beauty
must grow,
Unfolding like a
blossoming.

And so, dear God,
help I climb
Upward, higher, i
The right to great t
Through all the
done.

I'VE just had a loo
And the view I no
For I've found, as I ra
That they've got me out on a limb.

Time and the Penny

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NOT TRANSFERABLE

"IMP. WOODCOTE VENOM."

License Collector's Office, No. 610

San Francisco, July 7th 1898

This is to Certify that Fredk F Allison

No. 731 Oak has **REGISTERED** in the office of the Collector of Licenses, a Black Tan DOG named Tony and has paid the Tax on said Dog for the year ending June 30, 1899, as appears upon the records on file in my office.

THEO. F. BONNET,
COLLECTOR OF LICENSES.

Per Wm Doyle Assistant.

J. B. McIntyre, 422 Commercial Street

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WHITTIER, D
This city, in its quie Qua
way, today observ
139th anniversary
birth of John Green
Whittier, beloved poet
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"Not children have I to bear it on,
Be thou its keeper.
Let it take, from gifts well used and duty don,
New beauty for thy sake."

The last stanza of the six he wrote reads:

"A life not void of pure intent,
With small desert of praise or blame,
The love I felt, the good I meant,
I leave thee with my name."

Pickaninny is simply an American corruption of the Cuban piquinini, from the Spanish pequeno, "little," and nino, "child."

A MOTHER had been lecturing her small son, stressing that we are in this world to help others. He considered this for some time, then asked somberly: "What are the others here for?"

MISS RHODE ISLAND PLACE of Winchester, Virginia, married Utah Crosen and named her nine children as follows: Vermont, Virginia, Georgia, Minnesota, Montana, Florida, Maryland, Kansas and Tennessee.
—HAROLD HELFER

And the funny part of it, she is!

In Thy Keeping

, watch between her and me,
en I am gone.
s young and needs happiness
her days. Sometime it's dark
e her hand, guide her in
ely ways.
I love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

Ti
it

DEDICATION
Phi

We stand in Thy presence,
solemnly and to the end we
our strength, our means, o
We dedicate the country T
more religious, unselfish
great kingship of Thy Son.
poses Thou wilt. She is not
Thy servants. Give us willi
Thou shalt create in all nati
government and Christian
know not how to speak. I
devotion. Thou art our Go
God in the highest, and on
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF E
Rudyard

Oh, East is East, and West is West, a
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
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A LOST CHORI
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I was weary and ill at ea
And my fingers wandered i
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I do not know what I was
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But I struck one chord of m
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It flooded the crimson twili
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It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming stri
It seemed the harmonious
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed mea
Into one perfect peace,
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I have sought, but I seek it
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HOME SONG

I read within a poet's book
A word that starred the page,
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home;
For there the heart can rest.

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My life has been
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Full of life, full of play,
I dropped the worry on the way
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little bird with feathers brown
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I could sing a song like that,
sit where folks could see."

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lesson from the bird,
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a man has said to you when he was angry.
you with anything you had better look it up.

Family Album

Man is that peculiar animal who gets many a hearty laugh out of an old family album, but look
much as a grin.

I WILL

I will be faithful
Performing all
day
With deep and lo
You;
With thankful
small way.

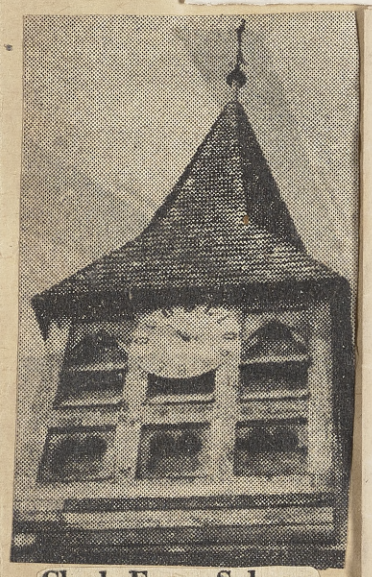
Although I long for
That each small s
will bring
Some bit of beauty
must grow,
Unfolding like a
blossoming.

And so, dear God,
help I climb
Upward, higher, t
The right to great t
Through all the
done.

as angry.
ook it up.

I'VE just had a lo
And the view I
For I've found, as I
That they've got me out on a limb.

Count your garden by the
flowers -
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden
hours -
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your night by stars -
not shadows;
Count your life with smiles
not tears;
And with joy on this, your
birthday,
Count your age by friends, not
years.



Clock From Salvage

Letters rather than numerals mark the hours on this unusual church clock at Wootton Rivers, Wiltshire. The inscription reads: "Glory Be to God." The strange mechanism, constructed by the village postman, includes parts from a bicycle, a sewing machine, and a mangle. Even a pair of knitting needles was included. The pendulum arm is a broom handle and the weight a hammer head.

. . . The world's first radio broadcast of speeches and music originated at KQW in San Jose, Calif., in 1912. KQW also received the first Government radio station license in 1912.

Q. What is the longest U. S. highway? A. Highway 50, from Los Angeles, Calif., to Annapolis, Md.

In 1870 the population of Los Angeles was 5614 and there was a saloon for every 50 persons . . . Original name of the city was El Pueblo de Nuestra Senora de Los Angeles. Meaning the City of the Queen of the Angels.

Hope, Patience, and Prudence
Islands in one body of water?
They are in Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island.

The largest windmill in the world?
Situated on Grandpa Knob, Vermont; generates electric current.

When your heart is feeling heavy,
And your brain is rather sad,
Don't think about your trouble,
But of all the fun you've had.

I like that ancient Saxon
phrase which calls
The burial ground God's
Acre. —*Longfellow.*

"Five things observe with care, of whom you speak, to whom you speak and how and when and where."—EVD)

I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I knew;)
Their names are What and Why
and When
And How and Where and Who.
—KIPLING.

And the funny part of it

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ake her hand, guide her in
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And you find her weeping
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much as a grin.

I WILL

I will be faithful
Performing all
day
With deep and lo
You;
With thankful
small way.

Although I long for
That each small s
will bring
Some bit of beauty
must grow,
Unfolding like a
blossoming.

And so, dear God,
help I climb
Upward, higher, t
The right to great t
Through all the
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Clock Fro

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Mr. Frederick Fillmore
has the honour of announcing to

the marriage of his daughter
Agnes Alma,
to
Charles Henry Roese, M.D.
on Wednesday, December the seventeenth,
nineteen hundred and two,
San Francisco.

At Home
after January first.
232 Oak Street.

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And the funny part of it, ...

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—John D. Rockefeller, Sr.

(In his long life Mr. Rockefeller, sr., wrote only one poem. The above is it.—EVD)

The tallest stone monument in the world is the San Jacinto battlefield monument, 567 feet from grade to top. It stands near the ship channel, a few miles out of Houston, Tex., marking one of the world's decisive battles, fought April 21, 1836, when 800 Texans under General Sam Houston defeated 3,000 Mexicans under General Santa Anna, with the battle cry "Remember the Alamo."

Washington monument, more than 555 feet above the mall.

a child in the way
o, and walk there
e in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

**"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.**

**"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
And leaves me both sides of it."**

continued cheerfulness.
—*Montaigne*

er it is, the less noise it makes.

little bird with feathers brown
t singing on a tree.
e song was very soft and low
t sweet as it could be.

e people who were passing by
oked up to see the bird
at sang the sweetest melody
at ever had been heard.

t all the bright eyes looked in vain—
rdie was very small,
d with his dark brown coat
made no show at all.

Why, Father!" Gracie said,
Where can the birdie be?
I could sing a song like that,
I sit where folks could see."

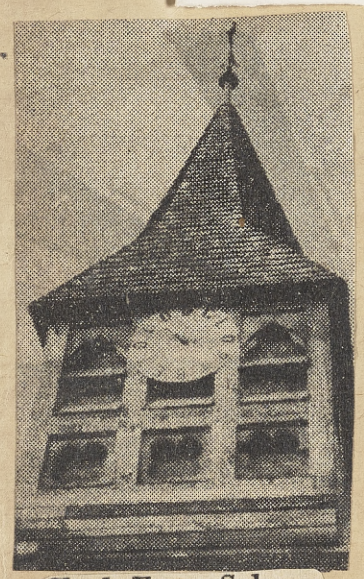
ope my little girl will learn
lesson from the bird,
d always do what good she can
hether it be seen or heard.

RY WARD BEECHER SAID

a man has said to you when he was angry.
you with anything you had better look it up.

Count your garden by the
flowers -
Never by the leaves that fall;
Count your days by golden
hours -
Don't remember clouds at all!
Count your night by stars -
not shadows;
Count your life with smiles -
not tears;
And with joy on this, your
birthday,
Count your age by friends, not
years.

» THE PROPRIETOR of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from noon to 3 p.m. winding clocks in aristocratic Back Bay homes, where the



Clock From Salvage

Letters rather than numerals mark the hours on this unusual church clock at Wootton Rivers, Wiltshire. The inscription reads: "Glory Be to God." The strange mechanism, constructed by the village postman, includes parts from a bicycle, a sewing machine, and a mangle. Even a pair of knitting needles was included. The pendulum arm is a broom handle and the weight a hammer head.

I will b
Perf
With d
With
s
Althoug
That
Some
n
Unfo
l
And sc
l
Upw
The ri
Throu
done.

—ELZA AUTZEN

Treed

I'VE just had a look at my family tree,
And the view I now take is quite dim,
For I've found, as I rather surmised it would be,
That they've got me out on a limb.

s angry.
ok it up.

San Francisco County Medical Society

WILLIAM F. BARBAT, M. D., SECRETARY,
1310 FOLSOM STREET.

San Francisco, April 24th. 1904.

Mrs. C. H. Roese;

Dear Madam;

At the last meeting of the San Francisco County Medical Society the following Resolutions were passed by the Society.

We the members of the San Francisco County Medical Society, conscious of the great loss we have sustained by the death of our honored member Doctor Charles H. Roese, and desirous of expressing our feelings of high esteem for the deceased, do hereby

RESOLVE, That by the death of Doctor Charles H. Roese, this orginization in particular and the community generally have lost a valuable member of our profession, who gave great promise of a useful and distinguished career for the future.

RESOLVED, That we acknowledge his loss with profound sorrow and tender his widow our deeply felt sympathy and condolence in this her hour of great bereavement.

RESOLVED. That these resolutions be inscribed in our minutes and a copy thereof be transmitted to the widow of our deceased colleague.

Martin Krotoszyner
E. O. Jellinek
Max Salomen
Committee.

Wm. F. Barbat.
Secretary.

VENTURA CITIZEN IN ITALY Y. M. C. A.

Rodney Putnam who left here early in May for the East to enlist in Y.M.C.A. overseas service, is now in Italy,

RODNEY J. PUTNAM
who is with the Y.M.C.A. Ove
Force now in Italy

according to a cablegram recent
ceived by Mrs. Putnam from Bol

Interesting letters have been r
ed by members of the family
London, and a letter came today
Paris.

A Trick in Mathematics

Multiply your age by 2 and add 5 to the result.
Multiply by 50.
Add the change in your pocket, if less than a dollar.
Subtract the number of days in this year, 365.
Add 115 for good measure.
The two left hand figures will show your age.
The two right hand figures the change in your pocket.
Try it.

Don't make tragedies of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles.
Laugh it off.

ONLY WAY

It is only thru knowledge of darkness
We grasp the beauty of light.
It is only by contrast with shadows
The sunbeams dazzle our sight.
It is only refinement by fire
Can turn dull iron to steel,
It is only by deepest suffering
We learn in the end to feel. **"I kneel not now to pray that Thou make white one single sin—I only kneel to thank Thee, Lord, for what I have not been."**

"'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

The victory of success is half won when one gains the habit of work.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—LONGFELLOW

True happiness is to no spot confined.
If you preserve a firm and constant mind,
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.

A hackamore is a kind of halter, or part of a bridle.

A very wise man said: "Luck is when preparation meets opportunity."

To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not to be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation—above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

STEVENSON

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones.
—THE BIBLE

Father of all mankind, throughout this day, and every day, help me to remember that a very real portion of Thy Kingdom has been placed in my keeping. Therefore teach me to love Thee:

with all my mind — that I may think Thy thoughts after Thee, from dawn to dark, making beautiful and significant each decision of my daily living; help me to remove all prejudice and small-mindedness, O Lord:

with all my heart — that I may love those whom Thou lovest, feeling for even the most unlovable and difficult of Thy children Thine own everlasting mercy:

with all my soul — that I may seek fresh ways in which we can all be one in Jesus Christ our Lord, praying for Thy divine power to surge through my commonplace routine from morning till night:

with all my strength — that I may work the works of Him who sent me while it is day, seeking to channel through every act Thy devotion to the needs of both my neighbor and myself. Remind me from moment to moment that this is not optional, but the last command of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Quicken me and use me this day, for Thy name's sake, **Amen**

Don't be discouraged. You are not the only person in the world who is not appreciated.

So—Why Worry!

Worry, so common to all of us, is based upon uncertainty of the future. We fear that our employment may not be sure, that an accident may happen while we are traveling, that our health will not continue, or that we shall be unable to solve a present problem. Apparently it does no good to remember that most of our former worries concerned things that did not happen at all; we continue to worry over what may take place in the future. This is hardly good intelligence.—

"For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy or none;
If there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it."

A Trouble Box

Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your heart can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide in it all thoughts of failure,
And each bitter cup that you quaff
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Four Things

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellowmen sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—Henry van Dyke.

A nickel became a dollar today when Mary Nickell, 16, of Sikeston, married Kenneth Dollar,

Wisdom often consists of having a good opinion of yourself, and also keeping it to yourself.

a child in the way
o, and walk there
e in a while.
—JOSH BILLINGS.

CHILD'S RHYME

"A generous lad
Is brother Tad,"
Said little Johnny Lovett.

"He takes the middle
Of the bed,
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d always do what good she can
hether it be seen or heard.

RY WARD BEECHER SAID

a man has said to you when he was angry.
you with anything you had better look it up.

DEDICATION
Phi

We stand in Thy presence,
solemnly and to the end w
our strength, our means, o
We dedicate the country T
more religious, unselfish
great kingship of Thy Son
poses Thou wilt. She is not
Thy servants. Give us willi
Thou shalt create in all nat
government and Christian
know not how to speak.
devotion. Thou art our Go
God in the highest, and on
Amen.

THE BALLAD OF E
Rudyard

Oh, East is East, and West is West, a
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at
But there is neither East nor West, Bo
When two strong men stand face to f

A LOST CHOR
Adelaide Anne P

Seated one day at the or
I was weary and ill at
And my fingers wandered
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was
Or what I was dreamin
But I struck one chord of
Like the sound of a gre

It flooded the crimson twi
Like the close of an an
And it lay on my fevered
With a touch of infinite

It quieted pain and sorrov
Like love overcoming str
It seemed the harmonious
From our discordant lif

It linked all perplexed me
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into sil
As if it were loath to cea

I have sought, but I seek it
That one lost chord divi
That came from the soul o
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's brigl
Will speak in that chord
It may be that only in heav
I shall hear that grand A

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Family Album

Man is that peculiar animal who gets many a hearty laugh out of an old family album, but looks in a mirror without so much as a grin. —

I WILL BE FAITHFUL

I will be faithful in the little things I do,
Performing all the homely tasks of every day
With deep and loving gratitude, dear God, to You;
With thankfulness that I can serve in this small way.

Although I long for larger duties, still I know
That each small service, rendered joyously, will bring
Some bit of beauty to life's plan. The soul must grow,
Unfolding like a flower to its full blossoming.

And so, dear God, dear Father, with Your help I climb
Upward, higher, till at last I have won
The right to great tasks, the goal sublime,
Through all the little humble things well done.

—ELZA AUTZEN

Time and the Penny

For almost ninety years Londoners have been setting their timepieces by Big Ben, the famous clock atop Britain's Houses of Parliament. Today, it furnishes all England the correct time, giving Big Ben's chimes by radio. Four seconds is the most it has ever been known to be off. Seven days out of every ten it is within one second.

The secret of the clock's perfect performance is a big English penny, placed half way up the pendulum rod of the clock on a platform which is used for carrying small weights. It goes faster with more weights, slower with few. The balance has been worked out almost perfectly.

Engineers have discovered they can keep Big Ben right on time if they put on an English penny and take it off every two weeks. This accounts for the slight deviation.

Every fortnight that the penny is allowed to rest on the platform, the clock gains a second, and loses approximately a second every two weeks the penny is off.

» The proprietor of a Boston clock-repair shop makes the rounds from noon to 3 p.m. winding clocks in aristocratic Back Bay homes, where the owners are too busy, or too careful of their timepieces to wind them themselves. He has 300 clocks on his regular winding list. —Lawrence Dame.

Treed

I'VE just had a look at my family tree,
And the view I now take is quite dim,
For I've found, as I rather surmised it would be,
That they've got me out on a limb.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Arthur Chapman

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

We don't want to brag but—

That daughter of ours has a way all her own
Of proving to us she's a whiz;
We think she's remarkably clever and cute,
And the funny part of it, she is!

In Thy Keeping

God, watch between her and me,
When I am gone.
She's young and needs happiness
For her days. Sometime it's dark
Take her hand, guide her in
Lonely ways.
I love her, but should I fail . . .
And you find her weeping
I leave her in Thy keeping.

THE ANSWER

THE old Negro meant to come up when the room was empty. He thought they must be gone by now but coming up the stairs he heard voices and he knew that they were still there. It was too late then. Mr. Wills was standing in the doorway of the room and he saw him.

"You can come in now, Marcus," he said. "We'll be leaving in a minute."

The tall man, the tallest man Marcus had ever seen, was sitting at the desk writing, and he looked up when Marcus came in and smiled.

It didn't seem right somehow to smile back, so Marcus did nothing, moving to a corner of the room, holding his broom and dustpan, waiting, standing quietly as a shadow. Once he wondered if he dared to say anything about Jeff, but he heard the pen scratch steadily on without a break. Still, someday he'd tell Jeff that he had thought about it.

He had Jeff's letter in the inside pocket of his jacket and he felt for it. There was something even in the feel of the paper that brought the boy back real and shining and alive to his senses. Jeff never wrote much and it hardly mattered to Marcus that he couldn't read the words; it was the letter itself in the stiff envelope that counted. It was getting it and knowing that Jeff was alive and well in war. That was the main thing.

He heard Mr. Wills say: "All right, Marcus."

He watched them go but he waited until the tall man descended the steps before he moved. There wasn't much to clean. He swept the room, straightened the scarves on the furniture and emptied a small litter of scraps from the wastebasket. Through the windows of the room he could see movement on the roads that snaked out of town to the hills.

Marcus remembered then that he had to hurry.

Mr. Wills had told him that he might take the time off if he wanted to come. The whole town would be there and people had come in from miles away—from Philadelphia, some said—and it wasn't something a man should miss. It was a big day and Marcus meant to be there.

Standing in the empty room, he took one final look around. Had he forgotten anything?

Sure enough, he had forgotten to clear off the desk. There was a half sheet of paper lying on the face of the desk. There were some numbers scribbled on it, in a column. He could read numbers and he glanced down idly at the sheet:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1863 \\ \underline{1776} \\ 87 \end{array}$$

And then because he was eager to be gone, he swept it from the desk and stuffed it in his pocket as he hurried out.

THERE was a hint of winter outdoors, although there was no snow yet. Hurrying through the streets of the town, Marcus wondered whether he had time to stop off to get Jeff's letter read. Old Glidden, the Negro schoolteacher, was always glad to read Jeff's letters to him, and it wouldn't take long. Besides, it was a long way out, and a stop would be a warm break in the cold walk.

Old Glidden was brewing coffee when he came in. He was old—older than Marcus—older than most men get to be, but he was sharp and quick and he looked up as Marcus came in.

"Got a letter from Jeff?" he said.

"Yes," Marcus said.

"How is he?"

"The letter feels good," Marcus said. "The letter feels like Jeff is all right."

Old Glidden poured two cups of coffee, and then Marcus took the letter out of his pocket. He passed it to Old Glidden, and while he was opening the letter, Marcus bent eagerly to the coffee and sipped it in, feeling the welcome heat go through him.

"Marcus," Old Glidden said.

Marcus looked up.

"This letter isn't from Jeff."

"Not from Jeff. Who'd be writing to me?"

For a moment Old Glidden didn't answer and then he said quickly and baldly, "The letter says Jeff is dead."

Marcus felt the cup shake in his hand and he sat there looking at Old Glidden, suddenly smelling the warm, pungent vapor of the coffee all around him, sharp as the odor of early clover.

"This is from the captain," Old Glidden was saying, softly now. "He says he wanted to write to tell you how Jeff died. He says Jeff was one of the best men he ever knew and he was a good and brave soldier. He says—"

"Jeff?" Marcus said.

He was reaching for the letter, and Old Glidden gave it to him, saying nothing. He held it in his hands for a while and then, as he always did after Old Glidden finished with one of the letters, he put it carefully back into his pocket.

He got up.

Old Glidden said anxiously: "Where are you going, Marcus?"

"I told Mr. Wills I'd come," he said. "I told him I'd be there."

"Put on your coat," Old Glidden said.

Marcus came back for his coat. Old Glidden twisted the red wool scarf around his neck. He went to the door with Marcus.

"You all right, Marcus?"

And then at the door, looking out at the bare hills sharp as iron humps against the November sky, Marcus said, "Why Jeff?"

IT WAS because he heard the sound of a crowd that he knew he was there. He was suddenly aware of the people around him and he looked up. There were more than he had expected and he knew that he would never find Mr. Wills in a crowd like this. Well, it didn't matter. Jeff was dead: the son who was like the morning, full of hope and strength and the promise of laughter.

Marcus reached once more for Jeff's letter and drew it out. There was a scrap of paper caught under the flap of the envelope. He stared at it and then remembered that it was the sheet of paper he had swept off the desk earlier that morning.

He opened it now, holding it against the envelope, puzzling the sum:

$$\begin{array}{r} 1863 \\ \underline{1776} \\ 87 \end{array}$$

Eighty-seven? he thought dully; eighty-seven?

He repeated the number to himself but the meaning, whatever it was, escaped him. He needed Jeff. Jeff was always the one to tell him things, but Jeff was dead now, and who was there to answer the questions that beat in waves of bitterness and pain against the breached fortress of his heart?

Why was he dead? Why Jeff? What was there worth his young body and the curiosity of his mind and the strong sound of his voice?

He remembered then who had written the sum and he looked toward the small platform at one end of the field where the tall man, the tallest man Marcus had ever seen, was rising now, bareheaded in the chill November air.

Marcus leaned forward then, filled with a sudden sense of urgency, listening hungrily, wanting an answer, listening for Jeff, and for all the young everywhere who give their bodies and their hopes and their lives upon bare and death-struck fields.

And there in the low hills outside Gettysburg town that lay quiet now under the cold autumn sun, the tall man who had scribbled the odd sum on a scrap of paper rose to speak:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A borrower is a man who tries to live within your means.

The View

By RUBY C. HUTCHESON

A woman in a tenement today
Said, "Do come see my view," and led the way
To her back door. I saw but disarray
Of backyard rubbish, cans and barrels of trash
And grimed outbuildings, flanked by piles of ash.

Dismayed, I turned to her and found her eyes
Raised to the higher level of the skies,
In them, a look both innocent and wise.
"See how green the hill," she pointed far,
"And just above you'll find the evening star."

Before the glowing pleasure of her face,
Who found the beauty in that lowly place,
I humbly prayed that God might give me grace
To look above all sordidness and strife
And only see the hills and stars of life.

A NEW LEAF

He came to my desk with quivering lip—
The lesson was done;
"Dear Teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes I smiled:
"Do better now, my child."
I went to the Throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done.
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took my old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my tired heart He smiled:
"Do better now, my child."

Opportunity never knocks for persons not worth a rap.

THE LIFE OF CIVILIZED MAN

Owen Meredith

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

THE *only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything.* . . . Theodore Roosevelt

ALL THINGS *come to him who waits, provided he knows what he is waiting for.* . . . Woodrow Wilson

Demonstration

This thot and that, this creed and that,
Tho utterance we give them,
Have really but of little worth
Unless we try to live them.

You cannot be agreeable in conversation if you are thinking more about what you want to say than about what others are saying. We must be good listeners as well as good talkers.

We give others the right to differ with us. If they wish to be wrong it is their own affair.

GEORGE WASHINGTON WRITES TO HIS NEPHEW

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Let your heart feel for the affections and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, that it is not every one that asketh that deserveth charity; all however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

Unknown in the halls of fame
Yet truly great
My father!
Great in the greatest things of life.
Not great in earthly wealth
But greatly generous.
Generous in kindly counsel,
Patience and in love,
Unsung in songs but shrined in loving hearts,
My father.

The cornerstone of the nation's Treasury Building contains a lock of a baby's hair. When Andrew Jackson was asked for something precious, he sent a lock of his grandchild's hair.

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

When sunset falls upon your day
And fades from out the west,
When business cares are put away
And you lie down to rest;
The measure of the day's success
Or failure may be told
In terms of human happiness
And not in terms of gold.

Is there beside some hearth tonight
More joy because you wrought?
Does someone face the bitter fight
With courage you have taught?
Is something added to the store
Of human happiness?
If so, the day that now is o'er
Has been a real success.

THESE THINGS ARE FREE

In gloomy tones we need not cry,
"How many things there are to buy!"
Here is a thought for you and me:
"The best of things in life are free!"
The air, the sunshine, and the sea,
All gladness, beauty—these are free.
Our faithful friendships, sympathy,
The joys of living—these are free.
The budding blossom, stalwart tree,
God's open country—these are free.
The more we look, the more we see
How many precious things are free;
The heart will find more than the eye
Of things we do not have to buy.

Yes, think how very rich are we
When all the best of things are free.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

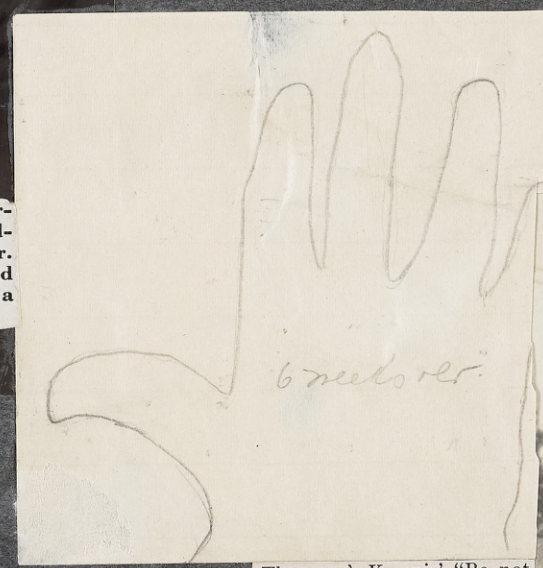
When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

BORROWED BOOKS

William Lyon Phelps

The habit of reading is one of the greatest resources of mankind; and we enjoy reading books that belong to us much more than if they are borrowed. A borrowed book is like a guest in the house; it must be treated with punctiliousness, with a certain considerate formality. You must see that it sustains no damage; it must not suffer while under your roof. You cannot leave it carelessly, you cannot mark it, you cannot turn down the pages, you cannot use it familiarly. And then, some day, although this is seldom done, you really ought to return it.



Thomas à Kempis' "Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

"How large is your family?" I asked little Mary Smith and her brother Jack. "I have as many brothers as sisters," replied Mary. "I have twice as many sisters as brothers," added Jack. Can you figure out how many kids there are in the Smith household?

Seven: 4 girls, 3 boys.

MYSTERY

Yesterday upon the stair
I saw a man who wasn't there.
He wasn't there again today.
I wish to heck he'd go away.

A GOOD OFFICER

William Penn

What if I differ from some in religious apprehensions? Am I therefore incompatible with human societies? I know not any unfit for political society but those who maintain principles subversive of industry, fidelity, justice and obedience. Five things are requisite for a good officer: ability, clean hands, dispatch, patience and impartiality.

WHO HATH A BOOK

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Who hath a book
Has friends at hand,
And gold and gear
At his command;

And rich estates,
If he but look,
Are held by him
Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
Has but to read
And he may be
A king indeed;

His Kingdom is
His inglenook;
All this is his
Who hath a book.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

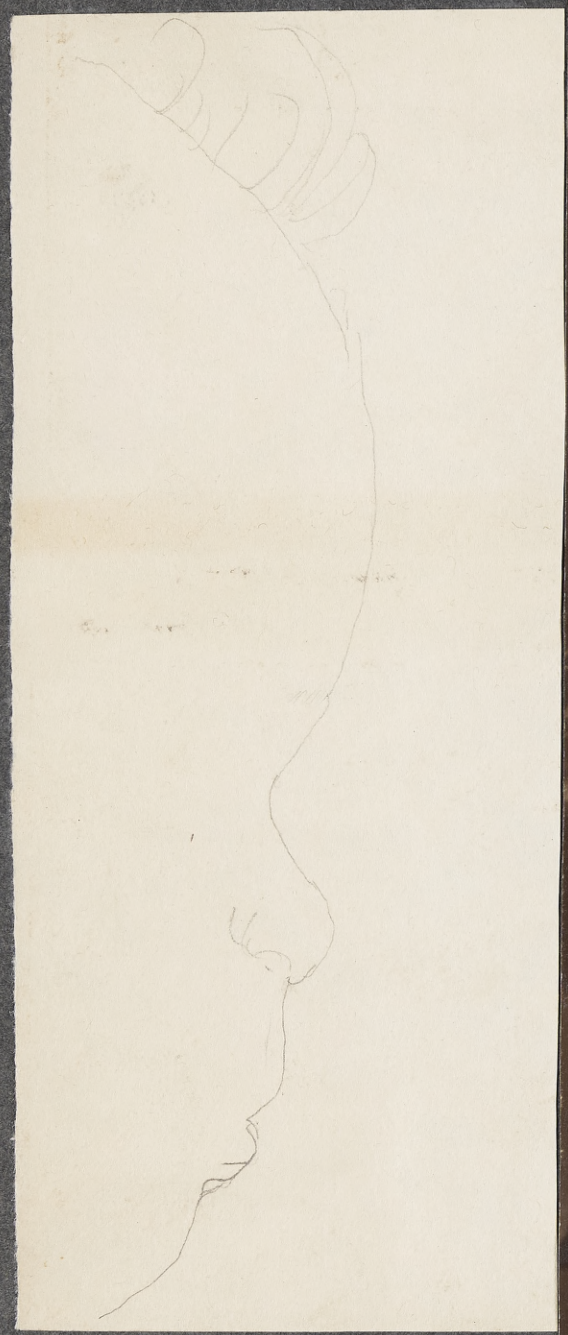
Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

Goody for our side

AND YOUR SIDE, TOO



Foreigners are people somewhere else,
Natives are people at home;
If the place you're at is your habitat,
You're a foreigner, say in Rome.
But the scales of justice balance true,
And tit only leads to tat,
So the man who's at home when he stays in Rome
Is abroad when he's where you're at.

When we leave the limits of the land in which
Our birth certificates sat us,
It does not mean just a change of scene,
But also a change of status.
The Frenchman with his fetching beard,
The Scot with his kilt and sporran,
One moment he may a native be,
And the next may find him foreign.

There's many a difference quickly found
Between the different races,
But the only essential differential
Is living in different places.
Yet such is the pride of prideful man,
From Austrians to Australians,
That wherever he is, he regards as his,
And the natives there as aliens.

"Oh, I'll be friends if you'll be friends,"
The foreigner tells the native,
"And we'll work together for our common ends
Like a preposition and a dative—
If our common ends seem mostly mine,
Why not, you ignorant foreigner?"
And the native replies contrariwise,
And hence, my dears, the coroner.

So mind your manners when a native, please,
And doubly when you're not,
And Vickers and Krupp will soon fold up,
And Sopwith pawn his yacht.
One simple thought, if you have it pat,
Will eliminate the coroner:
You may be a native in your habitat,
But to foreigners you're just a foreigner.

By ODGEN NASH

To my friend, in recollection of his son, and my son, who, by the grace of God, have the privilege of being boys throughout Eternity.

—*Inscription by Calvin Coolidge in a friend's book, after the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr.*

Ways of Worship

Men build cathedrals—build them high with care,
Fill them with art and sanctifying prayer;
Yet those there are who pass all buildings by
To worship God beneath His open sky,
In wooded valley and on templed hill
They sing His praises when and how they will.

And, He who knows of hearts the inmost need
Gives to all worshippers impartial heed.
On those who bow their heads in church of stone,
On those who in the forest pray alone,
On all alike God's tender blessings fall
For he who understands them loves them all.

This is the final test of a gentleman: his respect for those who can be of no possible service to him. —William Lyon Phelps

Manners are like the cipher in arithmetic: they may not be much in themselves, but they are capable of adding a great deal to the value of everything else. —Freya Stark, *The Arab Island* (Knopf)

MORNING PRAYER

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before tonight,
I pray the Lord my work's all right.

The hardest work you can find is the best antidote for trouble you cannot help.

There is an old Hindu story of how a woman who had lost her only son was bidden to get a handful of flour from a house in which there was no sorrow. When she came to ask her neighbors for such a boon, she found that there was no house without its secret anguish. And in sympathizing she found the pressure of her own grief less.

The Old Oaken Bucket

Samuel Woodworth

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when return'd from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that Nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-cover'd bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though fill'd with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

The Word

A pedagogue, grown mellow with old age,
Sat at our hearth and spoke of many things;
It truly seemed as if his thot had wings,
It flew so far afield; but homing there
It came to rest on sacred sentiment,
That often holds the thot of aged men.

He said he long had sought for one good word
That might most clearly to mankind express
That which would bring them greatest happiness
He searched the Scriptures, each beatitude,
Read books of holy thot; then from his heart
There spake a voice: "The word is gratitude!"

Wide World

THE SMOKE THAT HAZES the clear mountain air above this century-old cabin, is from the famous Morris fire, that has been burning continuously 154 years, but will soon go out.

An Old Flame

As long as there was a Morris there would be a fire but now death has claimed Uncle Billy

After burning for 154 years, the Morris fire will be allowed to die soon, and with it will die one of the most famous names in all the Great Smokies. The fire will die because the last to bear the name of its tenders has died. But the Morris legend will live on.

The fire was kindled with flint and steel by a pioneer Morris in 1790. Word got around that there was always a fire burning in the Morris cabin. Neighbors came to borrow coals, when their fires went out. The years went by and the Morris fire was kept burning, because it was easier to keep it going than to start a new one. Even when its keeper moved to a new home there in the mountains, 100 years ago, after matches had become plentiful, the fire was moved, too.

As long as there was a Morris, there would be a fire burning, the mountain folks said.

Uncle Billy Morris, last keeper of the flame, was born in 1860. The fire had been burning close to 100 years, when he became a man. He kept it going.

So Uncle Billy stayed on his little farm near Saluda, N. C., and there he died, not long ago, at the age of 84. Before his death he entrusted his fire to a nephew, Hampton Owen, who said he would keep the fire going "until Uncle Billy's estate is settled, anyhow." The estate will soon be settled.

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When they have little else to offer me.

Hill Folk

By VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

The hills are never hurried,
And hill folk are the same;
They never wind the cabin clock
Nor call the hour by name.

Their sundial is a shadow,
Their dusk the whippoorwill,
And morning is the laughter
Of light along a sill.

They sow in solemn rhythm
And reap with measured pace,
And always there is leisure
As limitless as space.

So close are they to heaven
And thunder's silver horn,
They lean against the weather,
And time remains unborn.

The hills are never hurried,
They hold the years in thrall,
And those who live among them
Wear patience like a shawl.

For insurance purposes, no policyholder is "alive" after he passes the age of 96. In the past 12 months eight clients of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co. of Newark, N. J., pased their 96th birthdays and were paid the full face values of their policies—just as if they had died.

Sunset

When the sun goes down like
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In the purple night, we
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When one who is blest
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There should be no griev
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For surely tomorrow, with n
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We shall meet the loved one
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(The letter that started the argument. From the New York "Press," 1903)

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Three I love I say.
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away.
Six he loves,
Seven she loves,
Eight they both love.
Nine he comes,
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Where did Louis Braille get the idea for his system of reading for the blind?

From the dots on dominoes.

Left-handed baseball pitchers in early days of the game were "northpaws," with home base at the northeast corner of the diamond.

Little *minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune but great minds rise above it. . . .* **Washington Irving**

There is plenty of room at the top, but there's no room to sit down.—

Happiness sneaks in through a door you didn't know you'd left open.
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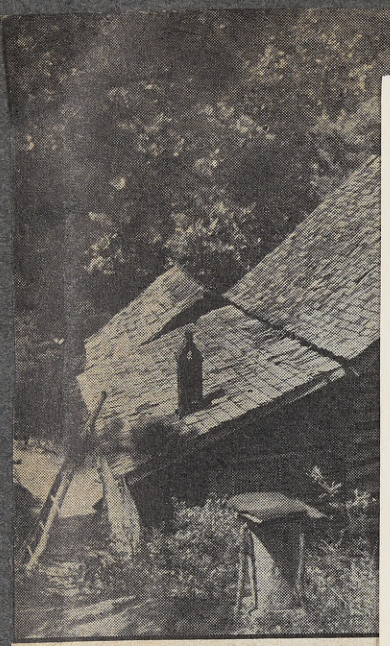

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C. N. ELLINWOOD, M. D., *Professor of Physiology.*

ADOLPH BARKAN, M.D., *Professor of Ophthalmology, Otology and Laryngology*

JOS. H. WYTHE, M. D., LL. D., F. R. M. S., *Professor of Microscopy and Histology.*

HENRY GIBBONS, Jr., A. M., M. D., *Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, and Dean.*

JOS. O. HIRSCHFELDER, M. D., *Professor of Clinical Medicine.*

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W. D. JOHNSTON, M. D., *Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.*

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ALBERT ABRAMS, M. D., *Professor of Pathology.*

HENRY E. SANDERSON, Ph. B., M. D., *Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine.*

A. M. GARDNER, M. D., *Lecturer on Insanity and Medical Jurisprudence.*

CHAS. E. FARNUM, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Anatomy, and Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

G. F. HANSON, Ph. G., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.*

WM. FITCH CHENEY, B. L., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, and Secretary.*

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STANLEY STILLMAN, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Surgery.*

EMMET RIXFORD, B. S., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Surgery.*

W. M. SWETT, M. D., *Assistant at the Eye and Ear Clinic.*

R. L. RIGDON, M. D., *Assistant at the Genito-Urinary Clinic.*

Order of Exercises

1. OVERTURE, - - - - - - *Suppe*
2. PRAYER, - - Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D.
3. "DER VOGELHÄNDLER," - - *Zeller*
4. CONFERRING DEGREES, - - -
   By the President, Prof. L. C. Lane, M. D.
5. SELECTION, - Members of Oakland Orpheus
6. VIENNA BONBONS, - - - *Strauss*
7. VALEDICTORY, - Stanley Stillman, M. D.
8. "ROBIN HOOD," - - - *De Koven*
9. ADDRESS, - - - Chas. R. Greenleaf
   Lt. Colonel and Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A.
10. SELECTION, - Members of Oakland Orpheus
11. MEXICAN DANCE—"Manana," - *Missud*
12. BENEDICTION, - Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D.
13. COLLEGE SONGS.

MUSIC BY BRANDT'S BAND.

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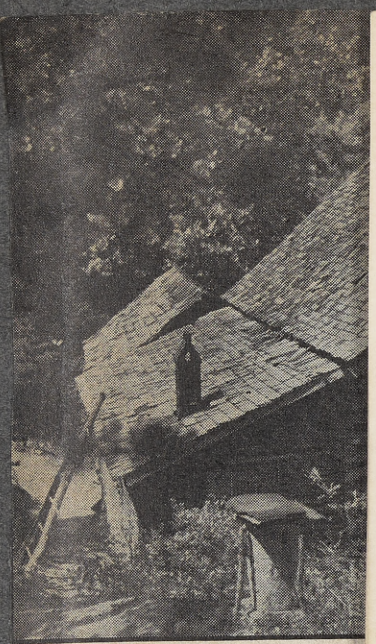

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Edith Victoria Anderson
Richard Selden Anthony
Herbert Isaac Bloch
Thomas De Haven Blodgett
Mary Alameda Bowman
Henrietta Elizabeth Brighouse
Charles Lot Browning
Bertram Ferdinand Burgess
Christian Charles Hadley Carlson
David Cannan, M. A.
Frank Wesley Carpenter
George Fred. Chalmers
Mary Clayton
Arthur Carestine Collins
Patrick Joseph William Conran
George M. Converse
Louise Bacon Deal
George Washington Desrosier
Edward Francis Donnelly
Ansel Tupper Eagar
Alfred Eichler
John Rice Eldridge, A. B.
Landon Rives Ellis
August Fehlen, B. A.
William Bruce Ffoulkes
Alfred B. Grosse
Edward Lorenzo Grossman, Ph. G.
Oliver Deveta Hamlin
Charles Anderson Hauber
George Story Holbrook
Judson Arthur Holland
Thomas Heuston Hughes, Ph. G.
Eugenie Adelaide Hurd
Thomas George Inman, Ph. G.
Francis Fenelon Johnson
Fujimatsu Kawano
Fred. Charles Keck
John Edson Kelsey, Ph. G.
John Joseph Kingwell
Myron Edmund Kohn
Claude Reznor Leech
Amelia Levinson
James Everett Maddux
Andrew Augustine Maguire
Marah Eleanor McClun
Joseph Stephen McCormick
Joseph Jason Medros, Ph. G.
Joseph Mora Moss
Avron S. Newman
Franklin Crawford Newton
Theodora Tiffee Purkitt
Adam Marsden Ritchie
William Humes Roberts
Charles Henry Roese, Ph. G.
Adolph Gustav Rosenthal
Bertha Anna Saunders
Walter Kendall Scott, D. D. S.
George William Sevenman
Thos. Edward Shumate, Ph. G.
Frederick Wright Simpson
Larz Anderson Smith
James Franklin Smith, M. S.
John Joseph Spottiswood
Tyre Harrison Stice
Charles Elliot Thompson
George Howard Thomson, Jr.
William Todd
Emil Nicholas Torello
Chas. Edward Turner, A. B.
Julius Christian Voje
Jacob Hial West
Frank Reeve Woolsey

CROSSING THE BAR
Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep

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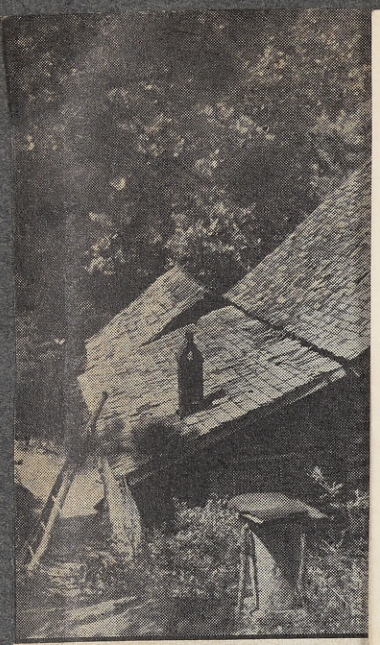

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As long as there was a Morris, there would be a fire burning, the mountain folks said.

Uncle Billy Morris, last keeper of the flame, was born in 1860. The fire had been burning close to 100 years, when he became a man. He kept it going.

So Uncle Billy stayed on his little farm near Saluda, N. C., and there he died, not long ago, at the age of 84. Before his death he entrusted his fire to a nephew, Hampton Owen, who said he would keep the fire going "until Uncle Billy's estate is settled, anyhow." The estate will soon be settled.

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When they have little else to offer me.

Graduating Class

Bertram Francis Alden
Edith Victoria Anderson
Richard Selden Anthony

Fred. Charles Keck
John Edson Kelsey, Ph. G.

Faculty of Cooper Medical College

L. C. Lane, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., LL. D., *Professor of Surgery, and President.*

C. N. Ellinwood, M. D., *Professor of Physiology.*

Adolph Barkan, M.D., *Professor of Ophthalmology, Otology and Laryngology*

Jos. H. Wythe, M. D., LL. D., F. R. M. S., *Professor of Microscopy and Histology.*

Henry Gibbons, Jr., A. M., M. D., *Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, and Dean.*

Jos. O. Hirschfelder, M. D., *Professor of Clinical Medicine.*

Clinton Cushing, M. D., *Professor of Gynecology.*

W. D. Johnston, M. D., *Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.*

R. H. Plummer, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. S., Eng., *Professor of Anatomy.*

Chas. H. Steele, A.M., M.D., *Professor of Materia Medica and Therapeutics*

C. N. Ellinwood, M. D., *Acting Professor of Clinical Surgery.*

Albert Abrams, M. D., *Professor of Pathology.*

Henry E. Sanderson, Ph. B., M. D., *Professor of Principles and Practice of Medicine.*

A. M. Gardner, M. D., *Lecturer on Insanity and Medical Jurisprudence.*

Chas. E. Farnum, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Anatomy, and Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

G. F. Hanson, Ph. G., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Materia Medica and Therapeutics.*

Wm. Fitch Cheney, B. L., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, and Secretary.*

A. W. Hoisholt, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Physiology.*

Chas. M. Fisher, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Microscopy and Histology.*

Stanley Stillman, M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Surgery.*

Emmet Rixford, B. S., M. D., *Adjunct to the Chair of Surgery.*

W. M. Swett, M. D., *Assistant at the Eye and Ear Clinic.*

R. L. Rigdon, M. D., *Assistant at the Genito-Urinary Clinic.*

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And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,**

**But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep**

Order of Exercises

1. Overture, - - - - - *Suppe*
2. Prayer, - - Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D.
3. "Der Vogelhändler," - - *Zeller*
4. Conferring Degrees, - - -
   By the President, Prof. L. C. Lane, M. D.
5. Selection, - Members of Oakland Orpheus
6. Vienna Bonbons, - - - *Strauss*
7. Valedictory, - Stanley Stillman, M. D.
8. "Robin Hood," - - - *De Koven*
9. Address, - - - Chas. R. Greenleaf
   Lt. Colonel and Deputy Surgeon General, U. S. A.
10. Selection, - Members of Oakland Orpheus
11. Mexican Dance—"Manana," - *Missud*
12. Benediction, - Rev. C. O. Brown, D. D.
13. College Songs.

MUSIC BY BRANDT'S BAND.

The Sohmer Piano used on this occasion is furnished by Byron Mauzy, 308-314 Post Street.

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There should be no grievi
nor pain,
For surely tomorrow, with ne
a sorrow,
We shall meet the loved
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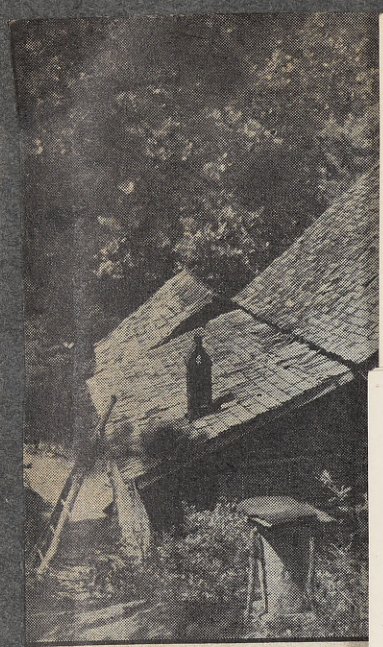

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Henrietta Elizabeth Brighouse
Charles Lot Browning
Bertram Ferdinand Burgess
Christian Charles Hadley Carlson
David Cannan, M. A.
Frank Wesley Carpenter
George Fred. Chalmers
Mary Clayton
Arthur Carestine Collins
Patrick Joseph William Conran
George M. Converse
Louise Bacon Deal
George Washington Desrosier
Edward Francis Donnelly
Ansel Tupper Eagar
Alfred Eichler
John Rice Eldridge, A. B.
Landon Rives Ellis
August Fehlen, B. A.
William Bruce Ffoulkes
Alfred B. Grosse
Edward Lorenzo Grossman, Ph. G.
Oliver Deveta Hamlin
Charles Anderson Hauber
George Story Holbrook
Judson Arthur Holland
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Eugenie Adelaide Hurd
Thomas George Inman, Ph. G.
Francis Fenelon Johnson
Fujimatsu Kawano
Amelia Levinson
James Everett Maddux
Andrew Augustine Maguire
Marah Eleanor McClun
Joseph Stephen McCormick
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Joseph Mora Moss
Avron S. Newman
Franklin Crawford Newton
Theodora Tiffee Purkitt
Adam Marsden Ritchie
William Humes Roberts
Charles Henry Roese, Ph. G.
Adolph Gustav Rosenthal
Bertha Anna Saunders
Walter Kendall Scott, D. D. S.
George William Sevenman
Thos. Edward Shumate, Ph. G.
Frederick Wright Simpson
Larz Anderson Smith
James Franklin Smith, M. S.
John Joseph Spottiswood
Tyre Harrison Stice
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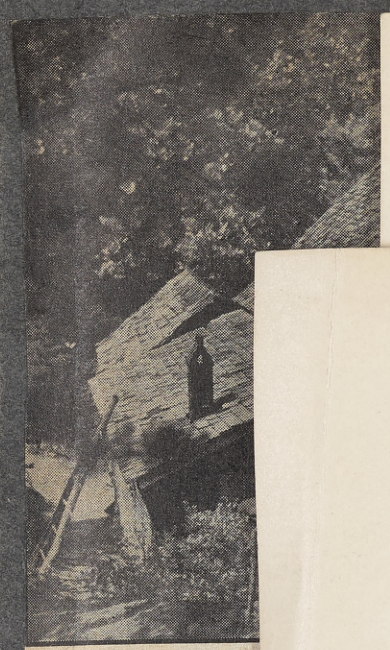

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Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For, though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

FOR YOU

I do not go apart in grief and weep,
For I have known your tenderness and care;
Such memories are joy that we may keep,
And so I pray for those whose lives are bare.

Perchance so much that now seems incomplete
Was left for me in my poor way to do.
And I shall love to tell you, when we meet,
That I have done your errands, dear, for you.

"THE *life that is well spent is a long life.*"

LIFE IS NOT MEASURED...

BY its length, but by its depth and breadth.
By what we accumulate, but by what we become.
By our reputation, but by our actual accomplishments.
By what is said about us, but by what might be said.
By the offices we have held, but by the work we have done.
By the difficulties we have faced, but by those we have overcome.
By the laughter we have enjoyed, but by the gladness and happiness we have created for those around us.

Let me bury my sad thoughts
In a chest beneath the sea,
Where the world will never find them
Let me throw away the key.
But let me fling my glad thoughts
To the hill, the sea, the sky,
Where hungry hearts may find them
And look up as glad as I.

Leech is the modern spelling of the Anglo-Saxon laece, "one who heais; a physician." Until comparatively recent years, the physician relied upon blood-letting in treating most ailments. The favorite method was by the use of the blood-sucking worm, Hirudo medicinalis, commonly called "leech." Whether the leech was named after the physician or the physician after the leech is uncertain. At any rate, in Wycliffe's translation of the Bible (about 1382) the first complete translation of the Vulgate into English, Luke iv, 23 reads: "Leech, heal thyself," instead of (Authorized Version:) "Physician, heal thyself."

Merrill Moore, a major in the Army Medical Corps. Says Moore:

Doctors must die, too; all their knowledge of
Digitalis, adrenaline, henbane,
Matters little if death raps again—
Once he may be forestalled, but their great love
Or little love of life is merely human:
Doctors must die like other men and women.

The original meaning of doctor was teacher,

Penicillin Finders 1945 Awarded Nobel Prize

STOCKHOLM, Oct. 25. (AP) Sir Alexander Fleming of London University, discoverer of penicillin, and two coworkers were awarded the 1945 Nobel Prize of $30,000 for physiology and medicine, it was announced tonight. Jointly receiving the award with Sir Alexander were Dr. Ernest Boris Chain and Sir Howard Walter Florey, both of Oxford. Dr. Chain, a German political refugee who went to England in 1933, is professor of chemical pathology at the William Dunn School of Pathology, Oxford.

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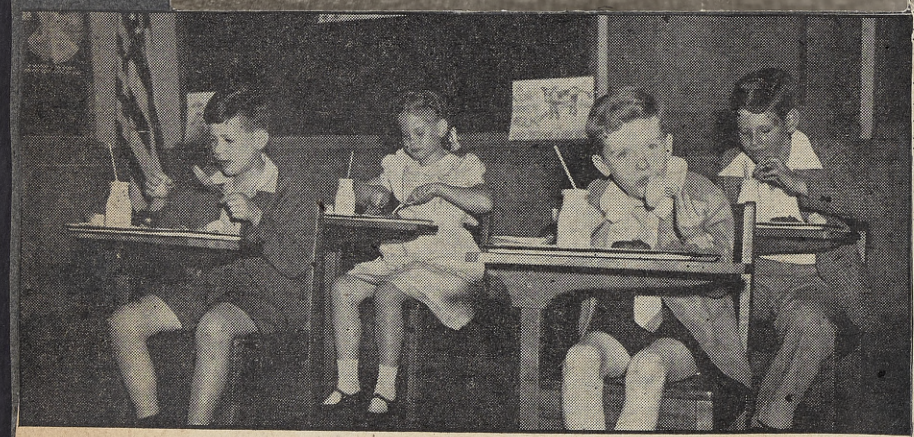


Consumer Guide

RADIO'S QUIZ KIDS, Joel Kupperman, Ruth Duskin, Pat Conlon and David Davis, enjoy a typical school lunch—

Forever Christmas

A CHRISTMAS WREATH to Sandy Pratt of San Francisco!

It was 18 years ago this Christmas. The Pratts were dolling up the Christmas tree, and when they'd finished they sat down to admire it, just as you and I. It was beautiful. He thought: "What a pity no one else can see the tree."

Promptly he went outdoors, chose a tree in the yard, got electric light cord and a half-bushel of bulbs, and had the first outdoor Christmas tree in that section. People admired it; papers photographed it. Other people said next Christmas they'd do the same thing. The next Sandy knew he was the Father of the Outdoor Christmas Tree.

Other localities leaped onto the idea; California had more blazing trees than a forest fire.

By this time Sandy had become tremendously interested in the Christmas tree idea—and he originated a brand-new twist: the idea of giving away living trees as Christmas presents. He got some seedlings of the California redwoods and gave them to his friends.

The idea of growing your own Christmas tree was so appealing that the word spread and people who didn't even know Sandy began writing in and asking if he would supply them with a tree. Sandy is obliging and sent the trees.

The idea spread. On Saturdays he used to play golf, but now he had to go out and dig up seedlings. He has sent out nine thousand living Christmas trees.

The appealing thing about this is that the California giant redwood lives to be the oldest thing on the face of this planet—(it and its cousin, the giant Sequoia). The tree will live to be five thousand years old. So Sandy is giving away presents that will shed glory on his name long after he has gone to Heaven.

The first Sandy tree was planted at Tulare, California, 18 years ago. It was half knee length when he planted it. It is now about 50 feet high. Eventually, though, it may grow to be one-third as tall as the Empire State Building, New York.

And that's a pretty lavish Christmas package, any way you look at it!

Slowly and Painfully

"Slowly and painfully man is learning that he must do to others what he would have them do to him."
—ANTHONY EDEN

Creed for Living

WITH KNOWLEDGE beyond their years, two lads were deep in a discussion of life and death. "It's this way, Pete," explained one. "If you live right the day before you die, all will be forgiven."

Pete's eyes opened wide in wonder. "But how do you know when you're going to die?"

The first lad patted his friend's shoulder. "That's it—you don't."

The term Christmas is derived from "Cristes Masse," meaning Christ's mass or church festival of Christ.

WHEN THE Belgian scientists and famous twins, Auguste and Jean Piccard, made their first flight into the stratosphere in 1931, they painted their gondola white. It gathered ice and they nearly froze to death. On the second trip upward in 1932, they painted the gondola black, and they almost burned up. Later two American Marine officers flew into the stratosphere with half of the gondola painted light and the other half dark, and they rode in comfort—it was cool where they breathed and warm about their feet.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

Henry Van Dyke

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

PAT'S WISDOM

Tim Dolan and his wife wan night
Were drinkin' av the creature,
Whin something started up a fight,
And they wint at it right and tight,
According to their nature.

O'Grady and mesilf stood near,
Expecting bloody murther.
Says he to me, "Let's interfere,"
But I, pretending not to hear,
Moved off a little further.

"Lave off, ye brute," says he to Tim,
"No man would strike a lady."
But both the Dolans turned on him,
And in a whist the two av thim
Were wallopin' O'Grady.

That night, whin I was home in bed,
Remembering this token,
I took the notion in my head
That the wisest word I iver said
Was the wan that wasn't spoken.

The world's southernmost city is Punta Arenas, Chile, located in the southern end of the country.

The Dardanelles, formerly known as the Hellespont, is a narrow strait separating Europe from Asiatic Turkey.

Newcastle, Australia, has long been known for its enormous coal reserves. Hence, "carrying coals to Newcastle" is to waste time and labor as in taking something to a place where it abounds.

THEY SAY

Have you heard of the terrible family "They"
And the dreadful venomous things they say?
Why, half of the gossip under the sun,
If you trace it back, you will find it's begun
In that wretched house of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told,
And its genealogical tree is old;
For ever since Adam and Eve began
To build up the curious race of man
Has existed the house of "They."

Gossipmongers and spreaders of lies;
Horrid people whom all despise.
And yet the best of us, now and then,
Repeat queer tales about women and men
And quote the house of "They."

They live like lords and never labor;
A "They's" one task is to watch his neighbor
And to tell his business and private affairs
To the world at large. They are sowers of tares—
These folks in the house of "They."

It is useless to follow a "They"
With a whip or gun, for he slips away
And into the house, where you cannot go;
It is locked and bolted and guarded so,
This terrible house of "They."

Though you cannot get in, yet They get out
And spread their villainous tales about;
Of all the rascals under the sun
Who have come to punishment, never a one
Belonged to the house of "They."

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

FORGIVENESS

Henry Ward Beecher

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying, "I cannot forgive."

"Just for Once, Think Twice."

THE FUTURE

A little more bravely, a little more cheerfully,
A little less gravely, a little less tearfully,
A little more willing to start in and do things,
Forgetting the bygones and planning the new things,

A little more happily facing the morning,
A little less fretting, a little less scorning—
Let's turn to the battles that still are worth winning,
Away from what's ended to what's just beginning.

A little less moping, a little less weeping
For what we have had but have failed in the keeping—
We've strength for the day, so let's up with the sun now,
And go with good heart to the work to be done now.

BUNTING

THE MATERIAL USED FOR FLAGS IS SO NAMED BECAUSE IT WAS ORIGINALLY USED IN EARLY ENGLAND TO SIFT MEAL.

"TO BUNT" MEANT TO SIFT MEAL, SO THE PEOPLE CALLED THE WOOLEN MATERIAL THEY USED AS A SIEVE "BUNTING"

THE FLY AND THE FLEA

The fly and the flea
Flew up the flue.
Said the fly to the flea,
"What shall we do?"
"Let us fly," said the flea.
"Let us flee," said the fly.
So they fluttered and flew
Through a flaw in the flue.

THERE IS NO FLAVOR OF MAPLE SYRUP IN THE NATURAL SAP. THE DELICIOUS FLAVOR IS DEVELOPED ONLY AFTER THE SAP IS BOILED

OUR DRINKING GLASSES ARE CALLED TUMBLERS AFTER THE TUMBLERS OF EARLY ENGLAND. THEY WERE GLASSES WHICH HAD NO BASE UPON WHICH TO STAND. HENCE THEY HAD TO BE HELD IN THE HAND OR ELSE THEY TUMBLED OVER

JOHN RUSKIN, FAMOUS ENGLISH WRITER, BEQUEATHED AT HIS DEATH A SUM OF MONEY FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROVIDING STUDENTS OF WHITELANDS COLLEGE, LONDON, "WITH HOT SUPPERS FOR EVERMORE"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

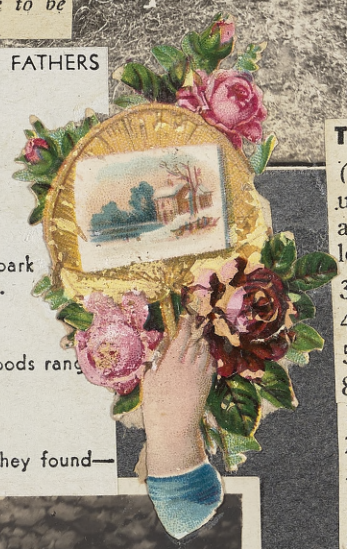
Felicia D. Hemans

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed:

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore . . . .

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free . . . .

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!



Irresponsible talk is the cause of untold trouble. An ancient law says, "Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer among thy people." There is no greater menace to the peace of society than the one who passes on malicious rumors. The one who does has little sense of honor or regard for the reputation of others. Many a good name has been smeared by a babbling, blathering ass.

Sometimes a knowing wink, a suggestive shrug, or an insinuating smile does as much harm as a gossiping tongue.

There would be far less misery on earth if we would seek to find and talk about the best in folks half as hard as we search for and talk about the worst.

TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

(*Note:* For both liquid and dry measurements use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements are level.)

3 teaspoons	1 tablespoon
4 teaspoons	1⅓ tablespoons
5 teaspoons	1⅔ tablespoons
8 teaspoons	2⅔ tablespoons
1 tablespoon	1/16 cup
2 tablespoons	⅛ cup
4 tablespoons	¼ cup
5⅓ tablespoons	⅓ cup
8 tablespoons	½ cup
10⅔ tablespoons	⅔ cup
12 tablespoons	¾ cup
16 tablespoons	1 cup
2 tablespoons	1 fluid ounce
½ cup	1 gill
1 cup	8 fluid ounces
1 pound	16 ounces
2 cups	1 pint
4 cups	1 quart
2 pints	1 quart
4 quarts	1 gallon
8 quarts	1 peck
4 pecks	1 bushel

TABLE OF ABBREVIATIONS

oz.	ounce
tsp. or t.	teaspoon
tbsp. or T.	tablespoon
c.	cup
pt.	pint
qt.	quart
gal.	gallon
pkg.	package
°F.	degrees Fahrenheit
min. or ″	minute
hr. or ′	hour
″	inch

WHAT CAN I DO

A Nursery Rhyme for Civilians.

If every little grain of sand
That goes to make this gracious land
Should say, "I am so very small.
I won't be missed at all . . . at all.
And I am tired. I shall rest."
Then yielded to the clutching crest
Of waves and slipped into the sea,
How very soon the time would be
When there would be no land nor sand,
Just barren sea on every hand.

A grain of sand . . . that's I . . . that's you.
Each with his little bit to do.
Though muscles ache and arches throb
We have to stay right on the job
And be those loyal grains of sand
That go to make our gracious land.

SUNSHINE PACKAGE

When the clouds hang heavy
And you are feeling low,
Take a pretty flower
And away you go
To find a friendly neighbor
Who has oft cheered you.
Give to her the flower
With a smile or two.

A pretty, glowing flower,
A smile warm from the heart,
An interchange of friendliness
Will give a helpful start
To cheer and bless and brighten
All the livelong day;
Just burnish up a friendship
When the skies seem gray.

You will find a something
Bubbling in your heart;
God's own sun is shining
When we do our part.
All the clouds and low spots
Turn to gleaming gold;
When we carry loveliness
Sunshine will unfold.

YOU won't find "Searsville" on any map of the United States, but it is a thriving community of 10,000 souls, with its own newspaper, fire department, police force, public park, and other civic furbelows. What makes it unique is the fact that all its "citizens" are employed by one Chicago firm — Sears Roebuck and Company.

In the late 1880's, an ambitious young railroad agent at North Redwood, Minnesota, named Richard Sears was stuck with a shipment of watches which were unclaimed by the local jeweler. He wrote to the shipper offering to sell the watches on commission, and was told, "Go ahead!"

Young Sears wrote masterful sales letters by longhand to railroad men up and down the line. In a few days, the watches were gobbled up for cash. Sears then abandoned railroading in favor of selling by mail.

By 1893, he had a partner, a hustling watchmaker named Alvah C. Roebuck. The new firm of Sears-Roebuck took on other merchandise besides watches, and year by year watched incredulously as their company sprouted into one of the country's biggest business empires.

Sears controls many factories which are turning out shells, airplane parts, rubber boats, submarine nets and other items for our war effort. For war workers, the company produced a "demountable" pre-fabricated house which sold for $2,500 and could be knocked down and moved from city to city.

The mail-order firm is a storekeeper to one-fifth of the nation. Noted for successful promotion efforts, the company sold $1,000,000 worth of baby chicks by mail in one year.

A popular wartime seller is a cheap icebox which can be converted later on into an electrical refrigerator by the purchase of a mechanical unit. Sears got a head start on other houses by pioneering in the use of wood, glass and ceramics in the early stages of the war, well knowing that metal products would soon be a thing of the past.

If you write in Chinese, Hungarian or Turkish, don't worry about your order when you send it to Sears. The company maintains a staff of interpreters — just one more accommodation for the public.

"AMERICAN DAY" . . . *May 20th has been proclaimed as "I Am an American Day." Whom does it honor?*

Those who have become citizens in the past year through naturalization or by reaching their majority.

Flotsam describes goods or any other cargo lost in shipwreck and floating on the waves. Think of "float," to which flotsam is akin.

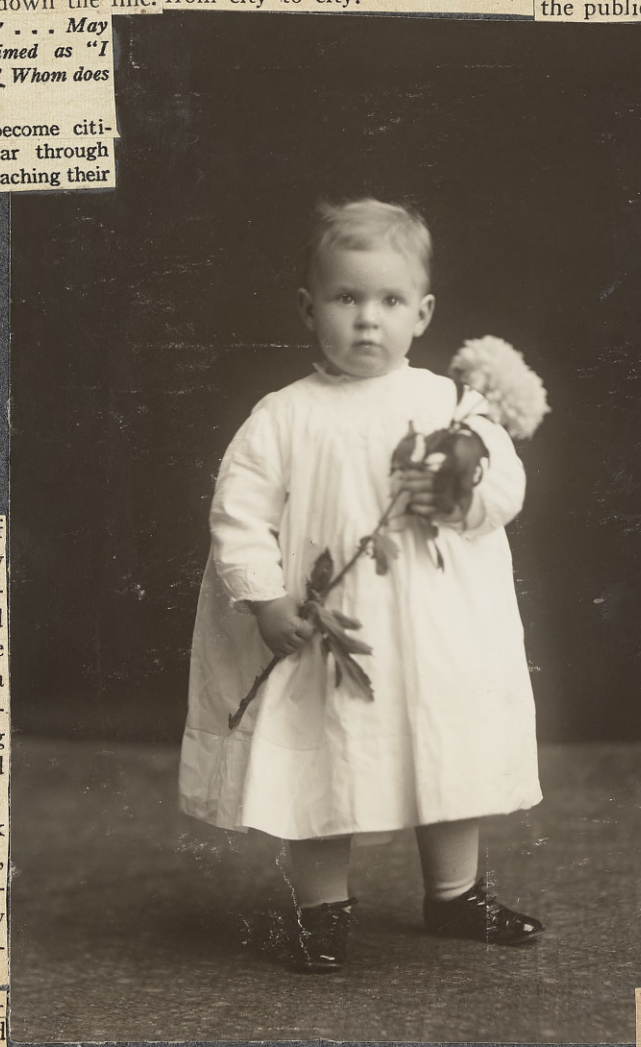
Jetsam refers to whatever is cast overboard in order to lighten a ship in danger of sinking. Think of "jettison," "to throw," a kindred word.

"Kitty-cornered" and "catty-cornered" are corruptions of the word cater-cornered, nounc[redacted] **nerd**

"Cater" is an obsolete and dialectal word meaning "diagonally."

Dialogue refers to two or more persons.

Exotic means "of or from a foreign land."



A seventh grade pupil in one of Alaska's public schools designed the official flag of Alaska. The flag has eight gold stars, in the shape of the Big Dipper, on a field of blue, with the North Star at the upper right hand corner. The boy's design was the unanimous choice of the judges.

The phrase "a feather in his cap" comes from an old Scotch custom. The hunter who kills the first woodcock of the season is entitled to wear one of the bird's feathers — usually he puts it in his hat.

Long ago a ship's speed was reckoned by throwing a log of wood overboard at the bow and noting the time it took for the log to pass the stern. This speed was then recorded. Although it is no longer necessary to reckon speed by this method, to this day a ship's diary is still called the "logbook."

SIGN IN A Detroit restaurant whose owners obviously were perturbed over their light-fingered customers:

"As our silverware is *not* medicine, it should *not* be taken after meals!"

ALTHOUGH sharks have been around for more than one-third of a billion years, they were held in no esteem by mankind until the war. Then the shark, that footpad of the fishes, became the most wooed, valued and useful living thing in the sea, and made a real contribution to our war effort.

Before Hitler's troops moved into Norway, we imported 72,000,000 pounds of cod liver oil from that country each year. Nazi occupation immediately halted these vital shipments to the United States, and pharmaceutical houses scoured the world for another source of Vitamin A, found in the cod's liver.

Then, a smart San Francisco man named T. J. (Tano) Guaragnella made a startling discovery. "Tano," a fish broker respected for his business ability, was prowling the wharfs one day when he noticed a big "soup-fin" shark which had just been landed. He stared at its gigantic liver, and then hurried off to a chemist friend with a sample of the liver.

Guaragnella's hunch was right. The shark liver abounded with the needed Vitamin A, and was 100 times as potent as cod liver oil, the chemist's analysis revealed.

"Tano" paid handsomely for the livers, and in turn received even more handsome profits through sales to vitamin-starved drug firms.

The liver of the soup-fin shark is a freak of nature. It weighs as much as one-fifth the total weight of the fish.

As far as is known, the shark is the only other fish besides the cod which produces enough oil to meet America's increasing vitamin needs. Vitamin A cannot be produced artificially. It has to be created by a living agent.

Since the vitamin potency of shark's liver decreases rapidly after the death of the fish, another San Francisco man did some deep thinking about the shark. He was Ralph Orkin, a successful chemist, who has developed a process for extracting oil from the shark on shipboard just after the fish is captured.

As a result, the larger shark boats have chemists aboard, who, because of their labors to preserve the shark oil, share equally with the fishing crew in the profits of sharking expeditions.

Even restoration of the Norwegian cod liver oil supply would not furnish the 149 trillion units of Vitamin A used in this country each year.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THEN LAUGH

Build for yourself a strongbox,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it—
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
The world will never dream half;
Fasten the strongbox securely—
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

How much money did Andrew Carnegie contribute to education and philanthropy—
$350,000,000

The Pacific Ocean occupies a third of the earth's area.

A hairbreadth is one forty-eighth of an inch.

One hundred and two Pilgrims arrived on the *Mayflower*.

Purest gold is 24-carat.

Women first cast a national vote in 1920.

Snowflakes always have six sides.

What great educator and jurist left his entire fortune to the Treasurer of the United States? Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.

You should be able to name at least two states that were named for British rulers. Actually, there are six.

Georgia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, Virginia, and West Virginia.

Chinese is spoken by the greatest number of people.

Maine is the only state that is bounded by only one other state.

STEP OUT

Footprints in the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

Politeness is not merely conformity to the rules of etiquette; it is the revelation, in speech and conduct, of a kindly, thoughtful consideration for the comfort and happiness of others. Politeness is courtesy in action. It oils the machinery of life and prevents friction. Politeness is a good formula for showing honor to others.

A woman was seen to bow her head every time the name of Satan was mentioned. When asked the reason, she replied, "Well, politeness costs nothing and you never can tell."

On a crowded streetcar a man offered his seat to a lady and she fainted. She "came to" and thanked him, and he fainted.

A teacher was asked if she had any unusual pupils in her class. She replied, "Yes, I have a boy who is courteous and polite."

Politeness is unusual, but is the chief sign of culture and refinement.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH WRITES TO PROF. EDWARD S. MORSE

My Dear Morse: It was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date, which I knew, and the signature, at which I guessed. There is a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours: it never grows old, and it never loses its novelty. One can say every morning, as one looks at it: "Here's a letter of Morse's I haven't read yet. I think I shall take another shy at it today; and maybe I shall be able in the course of years to make out what he means by those 't's' that look like 'w's' and those 'i's' that haven't any eyebrows." Other letters are read, and thrown away and forgotten; but yours are kept forever—unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

DON'T LIVE IN A LONELY CORNER

Don't live in a lonely corner,
Don't try to fight life on your own.
There are folks who would like to be friendly,
Who are glad if some kindness is shown.

All life is an uphill journey.
Don't take it without a friend.
There are folks who will take the climb with you,
If a helping hand you will lend.

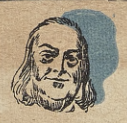
Don't think that there's no one who loves you.
If you do, then you've got life all wrong.
Life's filled with the music of loving,
And no heart should sing a lone song.

I know that our pride isolates us,
So does poverty, trouble, and pain,
And sometimes we suffer so deeply
That we feel we can never explain.

But all human suff'ring is equal;
It all comes to the same in the end.
For whether you're sick or you're lonely,
Your heart is in need of a friend.

So don't let your heart remain lonely
When there's so much friendship to gain.
Remember that life needs love's sunshine,
And all of us pass through life's rain.

Prejudice is being down on what we are not up on.



A NOTORIOUS rabble-rouser once complained to Benjamin Franklin that the Constitution of the United States was a mockery. "Where is all the happiness it's supposed to guarantee for us?" he demanded. Franklin smiled benignly. "All the Constitution guarantees, my friend, is the pursuit of happiness," he said. "You have to catch up with it yourself."

Each One Teach One

The proudest village in Mexico last week was tiny Soledad Etla (pop. 1,200) in Oaxaca State. President Manuel Avila Camacho had just given it a handsome new flag. In one year every one of Soledad Etla's 470 illiterates had learned to read & write.

Soledad Etla was Mexico's first 100% literate village, but others were on the way. In Tecuexcomac, 300 villagers get up at 4 every morning to attend reading & writing classes. In El Palmito, like many of his classmates, nine-year-old Schoolboy José Rojas hurries off each day after school to teach the two Rs to a 54-year-old day laborer.

All this is part of a whirlwind campaign begun in 1944 by President Avila Camacho and his tireless, able Education Minister Jaime Torres Bodet. They reasoned that Mexico could cure its biggest problem—48% illiteracy*—within a year if "each one taught one." To rope in the illiterates the Department of Irrigation offered free corn to anyone attending its classes. A special stamp issue was put out to help pay for 4,000,000 Government-issued primers. One illiterate old Indian chief solemnly promised Minister Bodet to make the people of his village literate even if he had to kill off the dumb ones.

Less cooperative Mexicans, who didn't want to teach and could afford not to, were allowed to buy their way out by contributing to "literacy centers." By last week 45,000 centers were teaching from 25 to 40 illiterates apiece. By March 1, every Mexican must carry a card showing that he has either learned or taught, or contributed to a center. Illiteracy itself will be a crime.

"BETTER MOUSETRAP"

Emerson is credited with saying if you make a better mousetrap the world will beat a path to your door, though you make your home in the woods.

Emerson never wrote anything about making a better mousetrap. In his "Journal" he did express the same idea, but without mentioning mousetraps. Later Mrs. Sarah S. B. Yule, in a book called "Borrowings," improved on Emerson by misquoting him and including the "better mousetrap." A St. Paul publisher, who probably saw Mrs. Yule's book, used the quotation as she gave it, as a boost for advertising. Thus probably more people credit Emerson with something he didn't write than can quote anything he did write.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, that irrepressible punster, wrote one of the most quoted of all limericks:

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature.
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat—
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

Washington is the most popular name for counties in the United States. Thirty-two states have a county named for our first president, while there are 26 Jefferson Counties, 25 Franklin Counties, and Jackson and Lincoln each have 24 counties named for them.

SACRAMENTO, JULY 9, 1945

The old fashion type of rip-roaring Fourth of July celebration, complete with firecrackers (and burned fingers and lost eyes) belong to the past in California.

Governor Warren today signed legislation outlawing all fireworks and salutes, except for use in public displays.

The measure, authored by Assemblyman Don Allen of Los Angeles, is designed to take effect before the coming Fourth of July.

Previously, fireworks and salutes were limited in size to two inches in length and 3/8ths inch in diameter.

Practically the only type of Fourth of July explosives still legal will be cap shooting pistols, with caps limited to twenty-five-hundredths grain of powder.

Martha Berry, a Georgia schoolmarm, once asked Ford for a $1,000,000 donation to her country school, was listened to politely but received only a Ford dime. Undaunted, she used the dime to start a peanut crop, solemnly sent Ford detailed annual accountings of each year's harvest, eventually bought a piano with the profits of the 10¢ worth of seeds. Ford was impressed, eventually visited the Berry School, square-danced to the piano, finally came across with more than the $1,000,000 Miss Berry originally asked for.

Francis Scott Key's *The Star-Spangled Banner*, [redacted] officially became the national anthem only 14 years ago, 1945

The American flag is the third oldest of all national standards.

Language of Flowers

In our community we hear much talk of flower arrangements.

Let me tell you about my favorite "arrangement" I saw many years ago. A large number of jonquils had been used—just the blossoms, no stems, no greenery. They were floated head to head in a blue meat platter, and graced a small table in my mother's sitting room.

"Why Mother, I never knew you to cut all your jonquils at one time, and without stems!" I exclaimed. She smiled, "Yes, it is a little different. I never could fix flowers like you girls, but I like them this way very much." You didn't question my mother.

In a little while her small grandson came in from play. "See, I picked grandma's 'fowers.' I picked all of them for her!"

The smiles they exchanged were radiant with love and understanding. The grandmother has since gone; the grandson is a grown man home from service in foreign lands. The platter is checked and chipped with use and age, but when jonquils bloom in spring I remember my lesson.

. . . with love, without stems

DON'T BAIL THE OTHER FELLOW'S BOAT

Every day it seems I meet
At work, at home or on the street
Folk with nothing else to do
"But worry what we're coming to."
And heaven knows my own affairs
Provide me with sufficient cares;
I'm like a sailor in a boat
Who pumps like blazes to keep afloat.

I haven't time to brood or think
About your morals, when you drink;
And if the women bob their hair,
Upon my word, I do not care.
It never causes me distress
Or worry how the women dress;
It takes my time to bail my boat,
And I must bail to keep afloat.

My friend, I do not care if you
Are heathen, Gentile or Jew,
Upon the Sabbath, when you wish,
I do not care how much you fish;
And while I do not care to dance,
I do not care how much you prance;
I'm busy bailing out my boat,
I guess that's why I'm still afloat.

Meddlers, why do you abuse
And tax my patience with your views?
Straighten out your own affairs
And let the neighbors tend to theirs;
Forget what this world's coming to
And work on what's assigned to you;
If on the sea of life you'd float,
Don't bail the other fellow's boat.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

BY J. WHITCOMB BROUGHER

A young boy asked me the question, "Is there a real Santa Claus?" "Of course there is," I replied. Then, he insisted, "How do you know?" I said, "Because I have seen him and I have been him."

The spirit of love, peace, good will, thoughtfulness and generosity combined in a human soul make Santa Claus. I am not merely a body; I am a personality. Santa Claus is not only a body with colorful clothes and gray hair and whiskers; he is a personality that expresses himself in doing good and making others happy.

A boy heard about the devil and told his young chum. His friend said, "I don't believe there is a devil; it's just like Santa Claus, it's only papa." Papa may be the "Old Nick" sometimes, but at other times he may be "Saint Nick."

Santa Claus is your generous, kind, thoughtful self in action, unhampered by selfishness.

'THE TYPICAL AMERICAN'

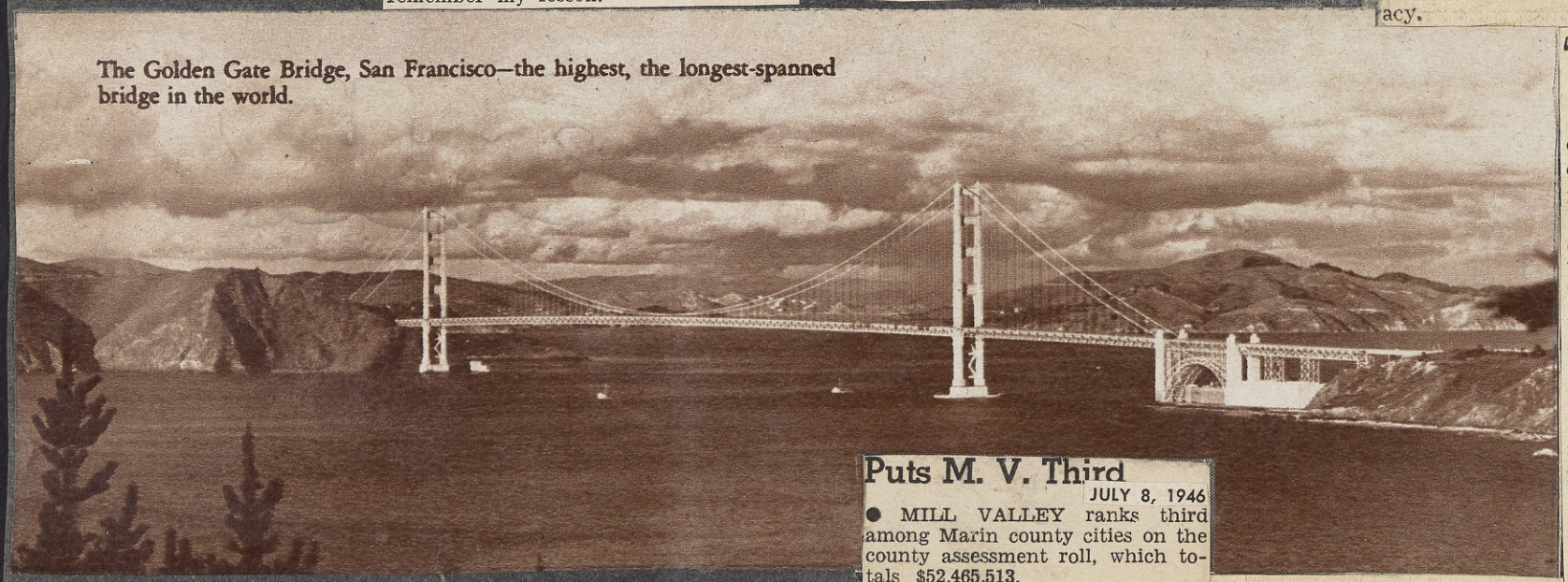
BY J. WHITCOMB BROUGHER

Abraham Lincoln is the most distinctively American personality our country has produced.

Reared in poverty, educated in the University of Hard-knocks, trained in the School of Experience, he developed a uniqueness of individuality that differentiated him from all other men. "He is the natural product of American soil and American historical experience." Physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, he represents the American type of personality.

His keen sense of humor and ready wit made him a most attractive person and served him well in meeting the problems he had to face as President of the United States. When asked if he did not find the ceremonies of the Presidency irksome, he replied, "Yes, I sometimes feel like the man who was ridden out of town on a rail and said, 'If it wasn't for the honor of the thing, I'd rather walk.'"

Lincoln was the incarnation of the purest type of democracy.



The Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco—the highest, the longest-spanned bridge in the world.

Puts M. V. Third

JULY 8, 1946

● MILL VALLEY ranks third among Marin county cities on the county assessment roll, which totals $52,465,513.

Based on a near 50 per cent actual value, Mill Valley's total is $4,791,833, exceeded only by San Rafael, with $10,531,778 and San Anselmo, with $5,422,674. Sausalito is fourth, with $3,137,920, followed by Ross, Larkspur, and then Belvedere, with $1,152,840.

Pennies are legal tender only up to 25. You can't force a person to take more than that number in payment of a debt.

"WHY do the Presbyterians say, 'forgive us our debts,' while the Methodists say, 'forgive us our trespasses'?" This question came to me some time ago with reference to the Lord's Prayer as we say it in our respective churches—

The Presbyterians say "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors" because that is the way the Lord's Prayer is found in the Bible—that is, in the Authorized Version in the Gospel of Saint Matthew. In that of Saint Luke, when the Lord was asked to teach his disciples to pray, he is quoted as saying, "forgive us our sins for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us."

One may check this if he pleases in Matthew 6 and Luke 11. But in the English *Book of Common Prayer*, from which Methodism got its ritual, the same expression is translated "trespasses." ("And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.")

Pledge to Flag Held Unofficial

WASHINGTON, May 9. (AP)—There is no official pledge of allegiance to the Flag.

The familiar "I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States and to the republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all" has no official status.

That's the opinion of Gerald D. Morgan, whose office helps members of the House draft legislation.

Morgan told Rep. Eberharter (D.) Pa., that Congress never has passed a law making the pledge official. It's just like the "Star-Spangled Banner," he said. It had no legal standing either until Congress passed special legislation several years ago designating it the official national anthem.

Filipino May Own Land, Court Rules

SAN FRANCISCO, May 22. (U.P.)—Filipinos may own land in California, the California Supreme Court ruled today. The judges declared Mrs. Bernice Fross must complete a contract to sell San Mateo (Cal.) property to Celestino Alfafara, which she had held up on the grounds he was an alien.

Filipinos, although not eligible for naturalization, are not aliens but nationals, and under the Philippines constitution owe allegiance to the United States.

It is thought that the name Manila evolved from the Tagalog word **manilad**, "place of many nilads," a shrub with white blossoms.

ROYAL COURTESY

When Victoria ascended the throne of England, her first act was to write a tender and affectionate letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide, the widow of the late king. The new sovereign addressed the missive to "Her Majesty, the Queen," whereupon a privileged member of the court explained to her that she should have written, "Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager."

"I am quite aware of Her Majesty's altered character," Victoria rejoined, "but I will not be the first person to remind her of it."

IT'S GOOD TO HAVE MONEY AND THE THINGS MONEY CAN BUY BUT IT'S GOOD, TOO, TO CHECK UP ONCE IN A WHILE AND MAKE SURE YOU HAVEN'T LOST THE THINGS MONEY CAN'T BUY.

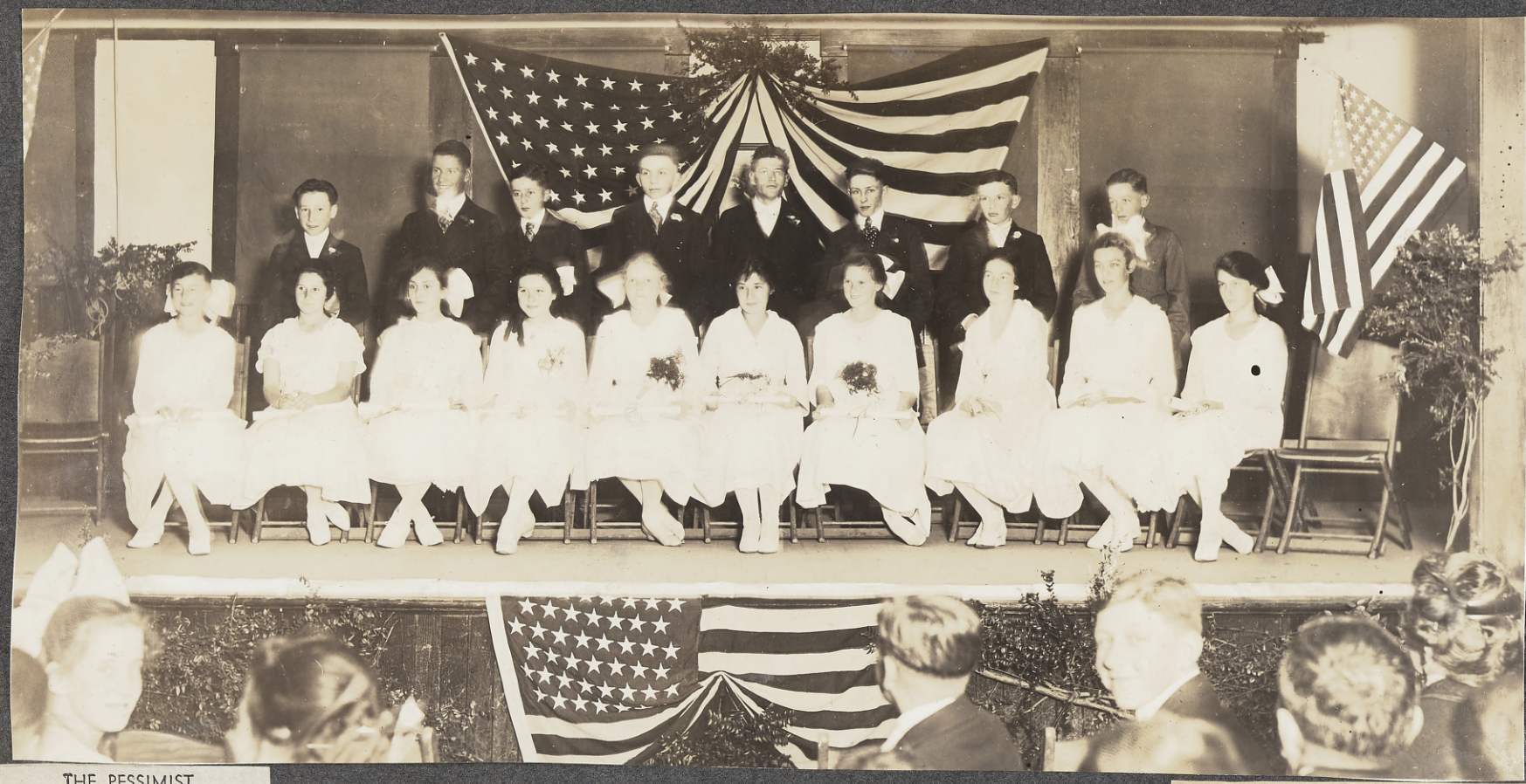
"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

Alice in Wonderland, 1865,

CALICO BUY . . . *Why is Congress compelled to appropriate thousands of dollars annually for the purchase of calico?*

By the Indian Treaty of Canandaigua, 1794, the United States Government is pledged "annually and forever" to pay to each man, woman and child on the tribal rolls six yards of calico.

When a carpenter and his bride, in Kent, England, walked through a churchyard strewn with wood shavings recently, British oldsters recalled this custom of strewing the church path with emblems of the bridegroom's calling. Butchers and their brides sometimes walked on sheepskins, shoemakers on leather parings and blacksmiths on old iron.



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The Orient is where the sun rises.

The literal meaning of "occident" is "to fall down."

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THE PESSIMIST

Ben King

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.

Pessimists grumble because roses have thorns. Optimists are thankful that thorns have roses.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it . . . Persian proverb

The Class of June
Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen
of the
Mill Valley Grammar School
desires your presence at the
Graduation Exercises
School Assembly Hall
Friday evening, June fourteenth
nineteen hundred eighteen
at eight fifteen

No flowers

If you do not have the work you like; learn to like the work you have.

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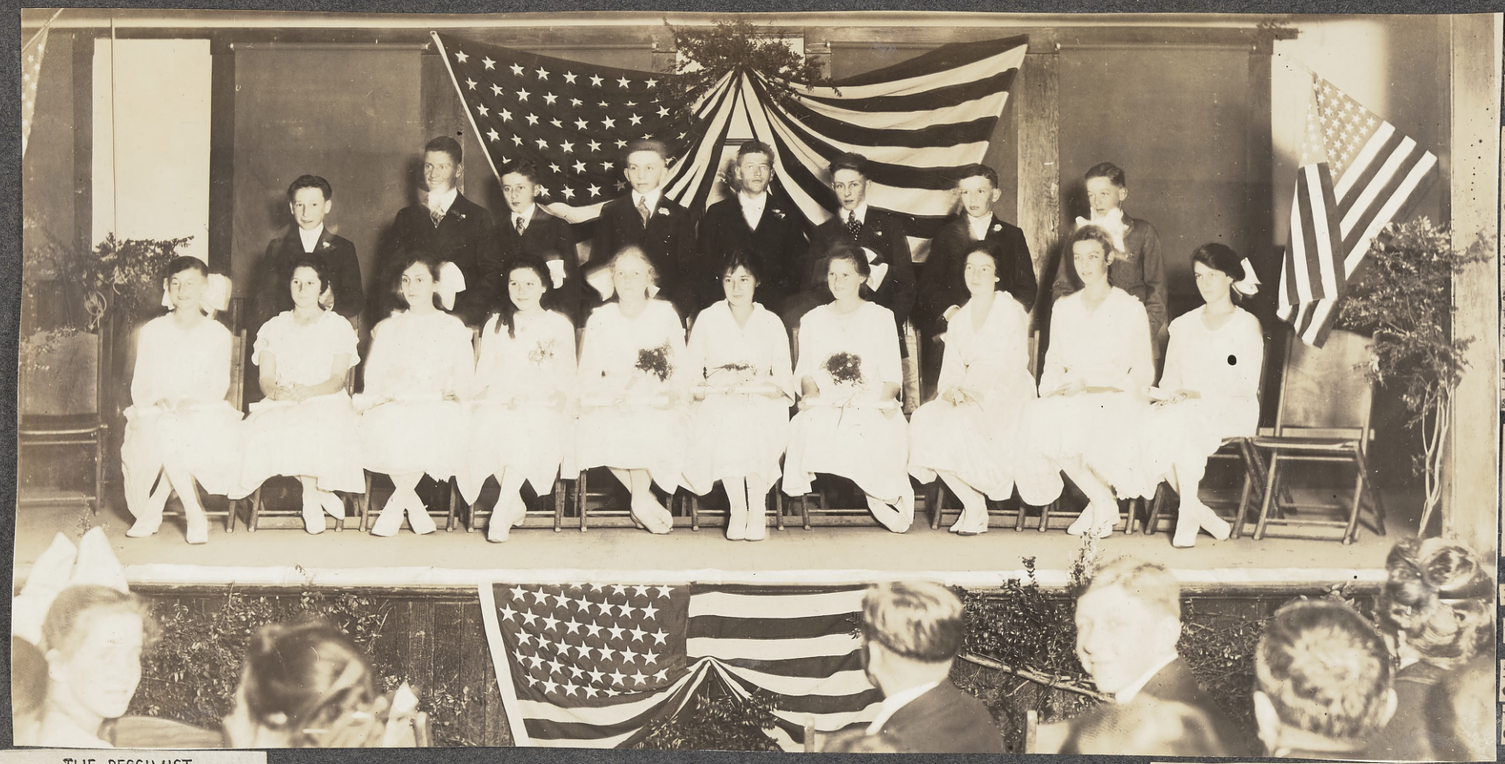

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Class Officers

Cornelia Hervers, President
Charlotte J. Roese, Vice President
Albert Unternahrer, Treasurer
Russell Jaekle, Secretary
Eloise M. Provines, Valedictory
Frank J. Perry, Prophecy

Motto: Serve

Graduates

Roger G. Barber
Marjorie Berger
Lloyd De La Montanya
George L. Flynn
Cornelia Hervers
Juelita Talbot Hush
Russell F. Jaekle
Florence Lind
Frank L. Maguire
Alice B. McNamee
Helen F. Morgan
Frank J. Perry
Eloise M. Provines
Charlotte J. Roese
Guinevere Zaun Robinson
Amelia J. Silveira
Richard V. Sloan
Albert Unternahrer
Marion Ward

The schoolteacher's week
Is a goodly State.
It is bounded on the north
By Blue Monday
And on the south
By Good Friday.

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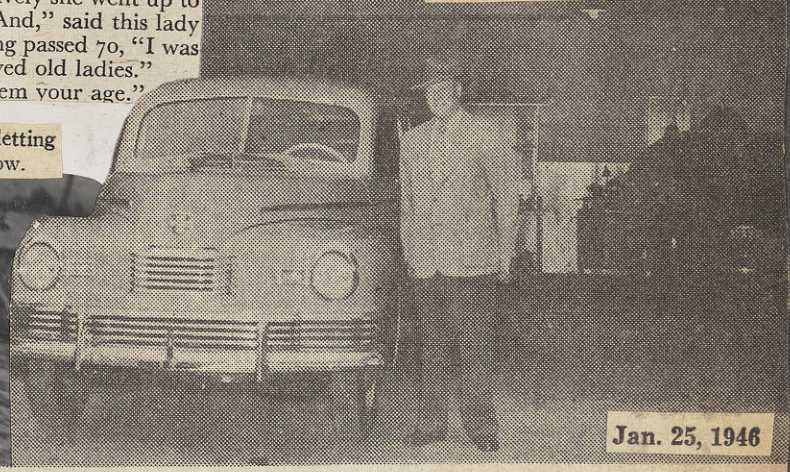

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Jan. 6 - 1926 San Francisco Chronicle Rotagravure Pictorial Section

SYMBOL. In 1783 Congress wanted to dedicate a statue to George Washington. He refused the tribute, and Congress could never again agree on a suitable memorial. Then in 1832 a group of men began to collect private funds for a monument. Their records were stolen, the Civil War held up construction, and money was scarce. But at last, on December 6, 1884, this simple memorial to a national hero was finished —a tribute forever to the first President of the United States.

Young America, do you know why you are called pupils? The word is from the Latin pupilla, "a little girl or boy." How then can you have a pupil in your eye? Well, look closely into the eye of one of your classmates. What do you see reflected in the cornea? Why, a tiny image of yourself, looking for all the world like an inconceivably small boy or girl, as the case may be. Yes, that is precisely the reason for saying that we have pupils in our eyes. It's hard to believe, but it's true.

Let Us Leave and Let Leave!

O PARTING GUEST upon my stoop
Who chats and japes and lingers,
The while I catch a case of croup
And blow upon my fingers,
Is not the party over? Yes.
The night wind bloweth keen.
Depart or stay, but let's not mess
With Mr. In-Between!

O Friend whose prattle runneth on,
Whose last words last—and how!—
From *A* to *Z*, I'm certain we
Have run the gamut now;
And I would ask, as man to man:
"Is this the best occasion
On which to settle down and plan
MacArthur's spring invasion?"

O Parting Guest upon my stoop,
Whence all but you have fled,
I'm tired and cold. The night is old.
I WANT TO GO TO BED!

THINK POSITIVE THOUGHTS

IT is your negative thinking that is wrecking so many of your days. You begin with fears, you work with misgivings, you end with disappointments. The cure is to begin thinking positively. Begin to say "I know" instead of "I wonder." Look into the face of the worst day and say "I can," instead of "I hope." Walk up to every impossible and shout "I'll try," instead of settling down and wailing "What's the use?" Instead of praying "God help me," begin as David did, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

MAY THE THIRTEENTH will be her day but Anna Jarvis probably will not greatly care. In her soundproofed room will be flowers; perhaps special visits from the sanitarium's doctors and nurses. Someone from the Jarvis Committee may come by to read her letters aloud.

But to Anna Jarvis, eighty four, gaunt and sightless, Mother's Day will mean, at most, only a reminder of an old bitterness.

When Miss Jarvis began her world crusade for homage to mothers everywhere, she was an attractive, intelligent woman. She refused several suitors to care for her blind sister Elsinore.

On the second anniversary of her mother's death a memorial service was held at the Grafton church and there Anna announced her intention to start a crusade for the world's "neglected" mothers.

On May 7, 1914, strong-voiced Thomas J. Heflin earned Anna's undying gratitude by introducing House Joint Resolution 263 designating May's second Sunday for the honoring of mothers.

The Senate concurred and on May 9, President Wilson proclaimed the day for "a public expression of our love and reverence for mothers." He suggested that the public join the government in putting out flags.

Some forty-three countries took up the idea.

Anna was alarmed at the trend the observance was taking.

"Mother's day," she sobbed to a reporter, "is to be desecrated by the commercial racketeers. The telegraph companies with their ready-made greetings, the florists, the candy manufacturers and greeting card manufacturers have made a lucrative racket out of my idea.

As Anna's bitterness increased she began to isolate herself from the outside world.

She admitted no one to her home without an appointment and then the visitor had to use a code knock before the door would open.

One cold day last November, Anna wandered into Philadelphia General Hospital and asked for medical treatment. She was emaciated, virtually blind. Her money was gone.

She was taken to Marshall Square Sanitarium at West Chester and a group of Philadelphians formed a committee to care for her.

Her sister Elsinore refused to leave their cold, dilapidated house. In January, 1944, a policeman found Elsinore dead on the floor, before a lighted gas stove.

Little is known of Anna's mother, Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, other than that she was the daughter of a Grafton, West Virginia, clergyman who loved flowers—especially carnations.

After Anna goes, the nation will be asked to cooperate in the building of a permanent memorial to the woman who sacrificed mind, spirit and fortune to the perpetuation of Mother's Day.

MAY, 1945

Mothers' Day is coming soon. It has never been quite satisfying to me. Sometimes there is too much sadness or too much commercialism. But could there be an expression something like this—a thoughtfulness, a helpful lift, to someone in mother's name. To put the emphasis on the sort of things a mother might do seems to me a greater tribute than any other. For each to pass along a mother's thoughtfulness and understanding to another might make the whole world better—for mothers are common to everyone.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them,
Be wise, and kind, and somewhat blind,
And look for the good behind them.

If I would place all virtues side by side
To choose but one to live with me alway
As close companion and my trusted guide
Through every hour of every little day,
I know which one I'd choose, nor hesitate
To even pass the others in review:
My choice would be the one marked "Loyalty"
Because that word's a synonym for YOU.

Salary. In the early days of the Roman Empire, salt was regarded as being almost as valuable as gold. Roman soldiers received all or part of their pay in salt. This stipend was called *salarium,* whence comes our word "salary," denoting pay for services rendered.

New York Negro Named To Naval Academy

WASHINGTON, July 7 (AP)—The first Negro appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., since 1937 reported to the institution June 30, the Navy said today.

He is Wesley A. Brown of New York City, and Washington, D. C., a former student at Howard University, Washington, He was appointed to the Academy by Representative Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Negro member of Congress from New York City.

Five Negroes have been appointed to the Academy in its history. There have been no Negro graduates.

The only woman to translate the whole Christian Bible in any language was Julia Evelina Smith of Glastonbury, Connecticut. Her translation was in English from Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and she finished and published it, after seven years' work, in 1876.—

1564

Im Gottes Namen geh herein
Der wil mein güter goner sein.

(In God's good name may step inside
Who'er would here in peace abide)

Famous Misunderstanding

Horace Greeley, the possessor of the poorest handwriting in journalistic history, received a manuscript from a middle-aged lady who had poetical aspirations. It was such second-rate stuff that he could not resist sending the lady a sarcastic note in his own hand, advising her to forget writing and stick to her pots and pans. Several days later, he received a letter from the lady. It had taken her some time to unravel his penmanship, she explained, but after sober consideration, she had decided to accept his offer of marriage.

Lady Randolph once sent George Bernard Shaw an invitation to tea. Shaw replied: "Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habits?"

Lady Randolph quickly dispatched the following answer:

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."

To be a good stenographer one must practice. To be a good skater one must practice. To be a good "anything" one must practice. Knowing this to be so, it is strange that more people do not practice the art of living happily and successfully with the people with whom they are associated every day.

MAYOR'S OFFICE

SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AUG 16 8-PM 1916

PANAMA CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN DIEGO 1916

U.S. POSTAGE 2 CENTS

Miss Charlotte Roese,

Mill Valley,

Marin County,

Calif.

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Francis G. Burt.

May I go write answer here

yes

June ninth

Eight o'clock

Dancing

Aw, heck, what's the use? If you associate with people you're bored; if you don't you're lonely.—

It's nothing against you to fall down flat, but to lie there—that's disgrace.

THE BALLAD OF THE TEMPEST

James T. Fields

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the morn was shining clear.

Keep Your Sunny Side Up

YOU KNOW at least one pleasant person. His face and manner are easy to remember.

Whenever you meet him, no matter how disagreeable the circumstances, he's always smiling, always ready with a cheerful greeting.

Sometimes you've tried to catch him off guard, wearing a sour expression revealing that he, too, is weak and mean like other men. But even in a crisis he has not changed—and of one thing you're sure: you know a really pleasant person.

Such a man is one of society's greatest assets. His daily life makes those remote ideals—neighborliness, friendship, service and tolerance—a visible reality. And it's all in his tone, his smile, his never-changing pleasantness. You use this person when you yourself need cheering. You appreciate the warmth of his company and the fact that no matter when you approach him, you'll be sure of his instant friendliness.

The next time you feel irritable and ready to "take it out" on everyone you meet, remember your pleasant friend, the man whose good nature never lets anyone down. Hold his image in your mind. Reconstruct his smile, his gracious manner, in a mental photograph, and it will be hard to remain cross with such a pleasant memory shining in your face.

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MAY, 1945

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By the turn of the century the monstrous house soared eight stories into the country sky, and already had more than 100 rooms. Building materials were imported from the Far East and half the countries of Europe, including rare rosewood which was bought by the pound. Art glass windows came from Tiffany's in New York at 1,000 dollars each; the massive front door alone cost 2,000 dollars.

In the early Twenties Mrs. Winchester was ill much of the time, and lost strength. The end came quietly in her sleep on the night of September 5, 1922.

Subsequently, when the great house was stripped of its furniture and the dark halls began echoing to the whirr and musty odor of hundreds of bats, the property was put up for sale and bought for 20,000 dollars by Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, who once operated beach-ride tours and concessions in southern California. They have operated the gaunt skeleton—of which only five stories remain—as a museum for some twenty years.

Now that the house is open it is easier to understand some of Sara Winchester's phenomenal gifts. Many a housewife has noticed the corner plates on each step of the many stairways to prevent dust pockets. Most of the forty-seven fireplaces had hinged iron drops for ashes, and built-in, concealed wood boxes. Mrs. Winchester herself designed a remarkable trigger catch for many of the 10,000 windows.

Sara Winchester probably would be pleased to know that experts consider she built well. Some say the house could stand for another two centuries. Meanwhile, it has provided a living for Mr. and Mrs. Brown and for dozens of young people in the valley who have worked there as guides.

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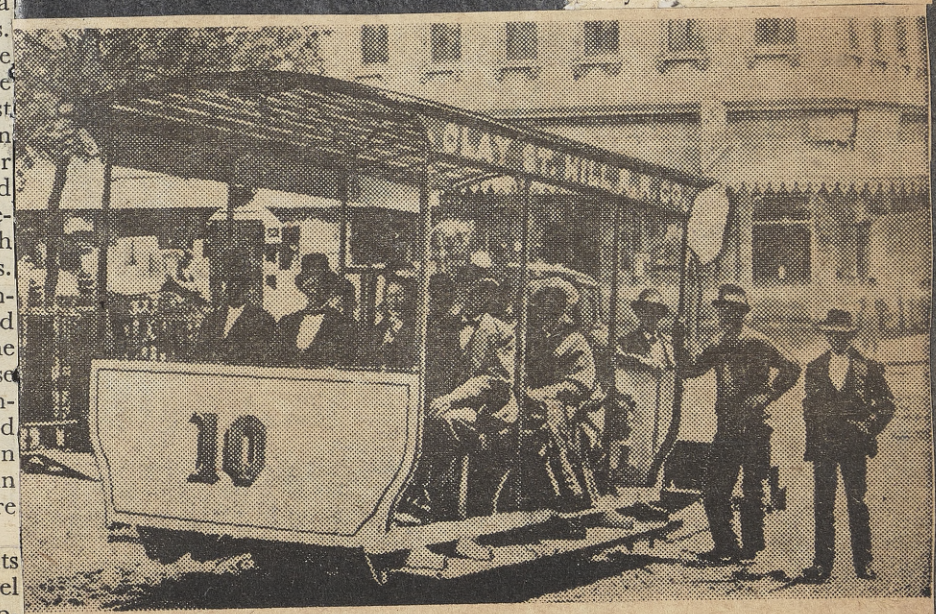

This is the first cable car, photographed in 1873. Leaning up against the car is its inventor, Alexander Hallidie

CHRONICLE APRIL 6, 1947

Famous Misunderstanding

Horace Greeley, the possessor of the poorest handwriting in journalistic history, received a manuscript from a middle-aged lady who had poetical aspirations. It was such second-rate stuff that he could not resist sending the lady a sarcastic note in his own hand, advising her to forget writing and stick to her pots and pans. Several days later, he received a letter from the lady. It had taken her some time to unravel his penmanship, she explained, but after sober consideration, she had decided to accept his offer of marriage.

Lady Randolph once sent George Bernard Shaw an invitation to tea. Shaw replied: "Certainly not. What have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habits?"

Lady Randolph quickly dispatched the following answer:

"Know nothing of your habits. Hope they are not as bad as your manners."

To be a good stenographer one must practice. To be a good skater one must practice. To be a good "anything" one must practice. Knowing this to be so, it is strange that more people do not practice the art of living happily and successfully with the people with whom they are associated every day.

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MAYOR'S OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AUG 16 8-PM 1916

PANAMA CALIFORNIA INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN DIEGO 1916

U.S. POSTAGE 2 CENTS

MAYOR'S OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO

August 16th, 1916.

Miss Charlotte Roese,
Mill Valley,
Marin Co.,
Calif.

My dear Miss Roese:

San Francisco, and neighboring cities, with characteristic generosity, has enthusiastically responded to my recent call for contributions to a fund for those in need of help as a result of the bomb explosion of August 22nd.

Your subscription to the fund has been received, and I thank you for placing it in my hands. I have appointed a Committee which is to make and carry out plans for the proper use of this money, and I am sure that, through its efforts, the monies entrusted to its care will be put to the best possible service of those for whose benefit the fund is intended.

Very sincerely yours,

James Rolph

Mayor.

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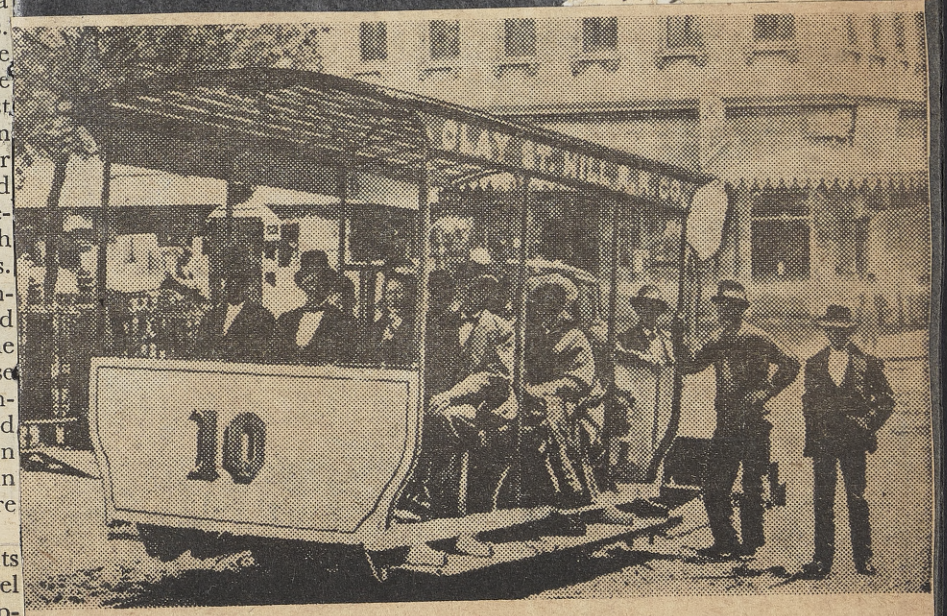

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CHRONICLE APRIL 6, 1947

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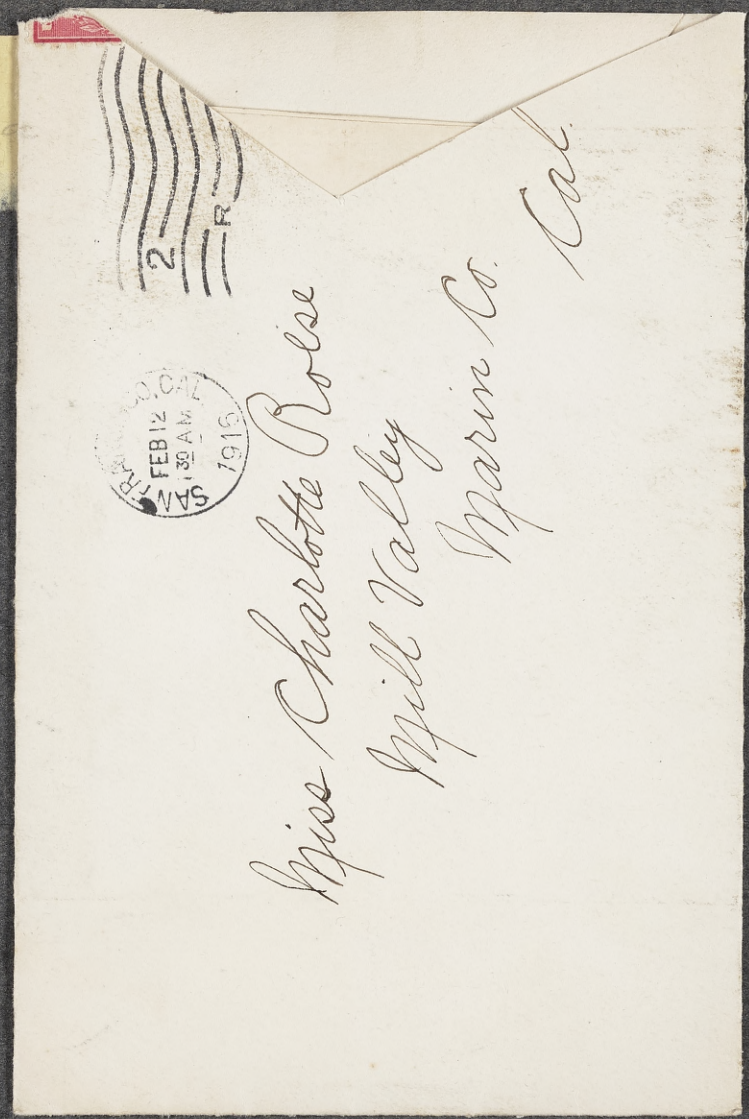

	Carrol Wright
	Ethelyn Dempsey
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	Donald Hinz
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	Jimmy Jenkins
Bodyguards, - - - -	Master Walter Hack
	Bernhard Grethel
Solo Dancers, - - - -	Misses Charlotte Roese
	Inez Sollom

About forty years ago there was a popular comic strip called *Alphonse and Gaston*. Two extremely courteous Frenchmen were always trying to outdo each other in politeness. Many a comic impasse was reached as Gaston would insist, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and Alphonse would reply, "No, you first, my dear Gaston!"

Funny as they were, there's no question about who should come first. The other person, of course. He should be first to order the meal, first to go through the door, first to be offered the best seat.

And what does it cost you? Generally he or she responds as Alphonse would with "After you, my dear Gaston!" He or she will try to outdo *you* in politeness as long as politeness is in the air. So you end up first at least fifty per cent of the time.

But if you are first to grab the opportunity, the money, the edge in any kind of an activity, you automatically give warning that the other person should start looking out for himself, too. Instead of trying to outdo you in courtesy, he may begin to outdo you in selfishness.

"After you, my dear Alphonse!" Try that simple formula for just one day. See how many times you can give the preference to the other fellow, friend or stranger. See how much you *gain*, by outscoring him in politeness and courtesy.

A Dog For Yvonne

A True Story by Captain M. F. McKESSON

AS TOLD TO TYLER MASON

THE Provost Marshal shivered. The bombed-out barracks were a mere sieve through which the winter gale whistled; the airstrip was newly wrested from the Heinies and as yet he had no office but his bedroom. It certainly would be nice to have a stove. It would be even nicer to have a little privacy. And it would be a godsend to have a sergeant who spoke French. He looked toward the door where an old woman was trying vainly to explain herself.

She was very old, and she had a strained look in her sunken black eyes. Toddling beside her was a baby girl.

"I can't seem to make her out, Captain!" the Sergeant said helplessly. "It's something about a dog."

The Captain motioned her over. "What can I do for you?" he asked in French.

The old woman's face relaxed.

"Ah, monsieur le capitaine, vous parlez francais — voila — I desire to find a dog."

"Is that all?" the Captain smiled. "What does he look like?"

"But I have not yet seen him, monsieur le capitaine!"

The Captain tried again.

"When did you lose him?" he asked.

"But I did not lose him!" the old woman insisted. "I came only to find him!"

The Captain blew his nose to hide his embarrassment.

"WHAT kind of dog are you looking for?" he asked hopelessly.

"A gentle dog, monsieur. One that will not bite. For my little Yvonne, monsieur."

So that was it. And the airbase was overrun with dogs who came to be fed and loved by lonely soldiers.

"She has no father, monsieur, no mother. I thought if she had a dog. . ."

"We'll go see what we can find," the Captain said cheerfully.

Outside the wind whipped across the airfield, where knots of airmen clustered around their planes. Nearly every man had a puppy tucked under his jacket.

A mother dog came up and rubbed against the Captain's legs.

"What do you think of this one?" he asked.

"She is very nice, monsieur le capitaine, but I should prefer a male."

So the Captain called to a passing pilot. "Hi, Skippy! I'm looking for a dog for this little girl."

Almost before he said it, dogs of all sizes and all colors yipped around them. Every once in a while the Captain would point one out hopefully. But the old woman found an objection to each. One was too large, one was too old. Was monsieur le capitaine sure this one was housebroken?

Monsieur le capitaine was sure it was not.

The old woman looked at him gravely.

"When one has only a dog to love, is it not important that it should be just the right dog?"

"And none of these will do?"

"Non, monsieur le capitaine."

JUST then a plane taxied past and a Scottie hobbled after it on three legs.

"There goes Limpy," the Captain said. "Poor devil, he never misses a landing."

He told them the story of the pilot who had brought his plane back riddled by flak. When the ambulance pulled up, only the tiny mascot was alive in the bomber's cockpit, with a leg torn and bleeding.

Limpy lost that leg, but as soon as he could hobble, he was out on the landing strip whenever a plane flew over.

The old woman and the little orphan listened quietly while the Captain told the story. Then they too went up to the plane. Limpy was hobbling back and forth as the crew jumped down.

When the last man had left, Limpy still stood there alone. You could see disappointment in every line of him. The little girl let go her granny's hand, and put both her arms around the crippled Scottie.

"Too bad we couldn't find the right dog," the Captain said a shade testily.

"Oh but, monsieur, we have found the right dog!"

The Captain started.

"But he's only got three legs!"

"Precisely, monsieur! So he needs us. He is an orphan as she is. They will comfort each other. Merci, monsieur le capitaine!"

As he watched Limpy hobbling after the old Frenchwoman and the little war orphan, the Captain knew that he had not wasted his time after all.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
Oh, give me a home where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream,
Where the graceful white swan
Goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream;
Then I would not exchange
My home on the range,
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GOOD AS THE DAY IS LONG

"This all-day sucker, seems to me,
Is pretty small," the buyer cried;
"The days are shorter now, you see,"
The candy counter man replied.

CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCE OF
"Schneewittchen und die Sieben Zwerge"
"Snow White and the Seven Gnomes"

OUTDOOR ART CLUB
MILL VALLEY

For the benefit of the War Orphans in Germany

Saturday, November 25, at 2.30 p. m.

by the pupils of Miss A. Hartmann

Program

Introduction by Mrs. C. Renz. Prologue, written by Miss Hertha Meyer, recited by Miss Eunice Quedens

Accompaniment by Mrs. Nielands

SCHNEEWITTCHEN, - - - Miss Helen Thompson
Queen, Schneewittchen's mother, Miss Juanita Scheffauer
Queen, the wicked stepmother, Miss Elizabeth Homberger

The Seven Gnomes, - - Misses Juanita Scheffauer,
Julia Homberger,
Frances Hagens,
Gisella Scheffauer,
Helen Stein,
Sallie Jenkins.
Mr. Robert Harker.

The Prince, - - - - - Master David Harker
Hunter, - - - - - - Miss Frances Hagens
Ladies in waiting, - - - Misses Marion Ward,
Jean Ward,
Barbara Penfield,
Katherine Hayes

Gentlemen in waiting, - - - Robert Van Norden
~~Bobby Hinz~~ George Flynn
Oliver Sollom
Billy Selbach

Flower girls, - - - Misses Wilhelmina Jones
Marjory Perkins
Carrol Wright
Ethelyn Dempsey

Pages, - - - - - Master Henrik Frese
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Teddy Thompson
Jimmy Jenkins

Bodyguards, - - - - Master Walter Hack
Bernhard Grethel

Solo Dancers, - - - - Misses Charlotte Roese
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The Class of December

Nineteen Hundred Fifteen

of the

Mill Valley Grammar School

desires your presence at its

Graduation Exercises

at the

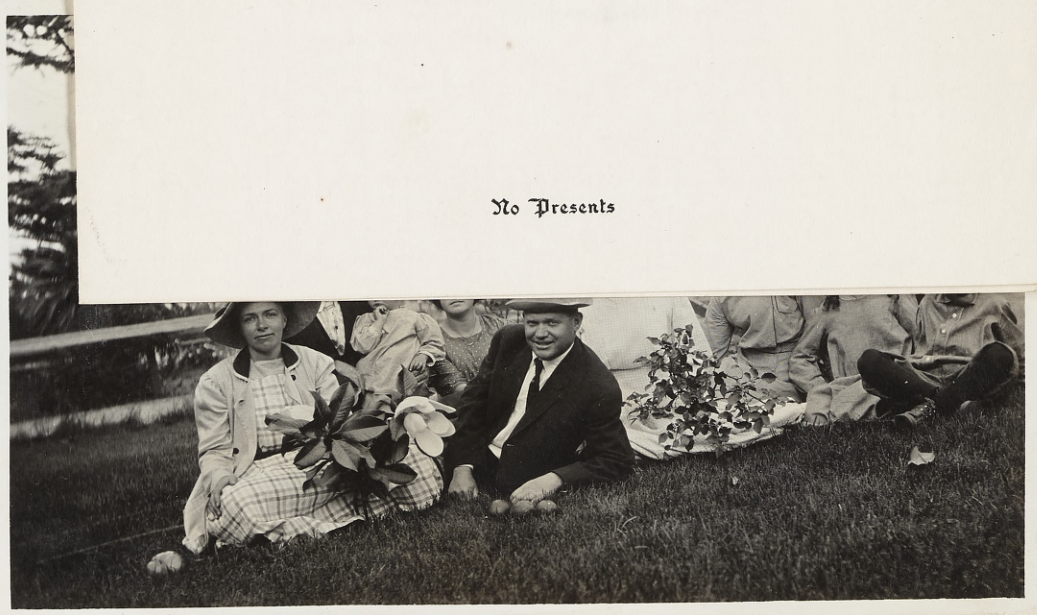
School Assembly Hall

Thursday Afternoon, December 23rd

at 2:15 o'clock

1915

No Presents



Aug. 1911

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The old woman and the little orphan listened quietly while the Captain told the story. Then they too went up to the plane. Limpy was hobbling back and forth as the crew jumped down.

When the last man had left, Limpy still stood there alone. You could see disappointment in every line of him. The little girl let go her granny's hand, and put both her arms around the crippled Scottie.

"Too bad we couldn't find the right dog," the Captain said a shade testily.

"Oh but, monsieur, we have found the right dog!"

The Captain started.

"But he's only got three legs!"

"Precisely, monsieur! So he needs us. He is an orphan as she is. They will comfort each other. Merci, monsieur le capitaine!"

As he watched Limpy hobbling after the old Frenchwoman and the little war orphan, the Captain knew that he had not wasted his time after all.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

How often at night, when the heavens are bright
With the light from the glittering stars,
Have I stood there amazed, and asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours.
Oh, give me a home where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream,
Where the graceful white swan
Goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream;
Then I would not exchange
My home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
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GOOD AS THE DAY IS LONG

"This all-day sucker, seems to me,
Is pretty small," the buyer cried;
"The days are shorter now, you see,"
The candy counter man replied.

Class Motto: "To be, rather than to seem"

Class Officers

ELEANOR PERRY - -	President
DORIS BARBER - -	Vice President
ELIZABETH GRESWELL -	Secretary
HERBERT LANG - - -	Treasurer
MARY SCOTT - - -	Valedictory
HAROLD PARENT - - -	Prophecy

Graduating Class

Doris Barber
Joe Fenton
Elizabeth Greswell
Hazel Harvey
George Herkner
Herbert Lang
Alphia Mitchell
Bernice Mummert
Claire McDonald
Arthur Mills
Harold Parent
William Paxton
Eleanor Perry
Gladys Selwood
Mary Scott
Emmanuel Thoney
Marjory Van Nordan
Rylla Wyckoff
Norman Wehr

About forty years ago there was a popular comic strip called *Alphonse and Gaston*. Two extremely courteous Frenchmen were always trying to outdo each other in politeness. Many a comic impasse was reached as Gaston would insist, "After you, my dear Alphonse," and Alphonse would reply, "No, you first, my dear Gaston!"

Funny as they were, there's no question about who should come first. The other person, of course. He should be first to order the meal, first to go through the door, first to be offered the best seat.

And what does it cost you? Generally he or she responds as Alphonse would with "After you, my dear Gaston!" He or she will try to outdo *you* in politeness as long as politeness is in the air. So you end up first at least fifty per cent of the time.

But if you are first to grab the opportunity, the money, the edge in any kind of an activity, you automatically give warning that the other person should start looking out for himself, too. Instead of trying to outdo you in courtesy, he may begin to outdo you in selfishness.

"After you, my dear Alphonse!" Try that simple formula for just one day. See how many times you can give the preference to the other fellow, friend or stranger. See how much you *gain*, by outscoring him in politeness and courtesy.

A Dog For Yvonne

A True Story by Captain M. F. McKESSON

AS TOLD TO TYLER MASON

THE Provost Marshal shivered. The bombed-out barracks were a mere sieve through which the winter gale whistled; the airstrip was newly wrested from the Heinies and as yet he had no office but his bedroom. It certainly would be nice to have a stove. It would be even nicer to have a little privacy. And it would be a godsend to have a sergeant who spoke French. He looked toward the door where an old woman was trying vainly to explain herself.

She was very old, and she had a strained look in her sunken black eyes. Toddling beside her was a baby girl.

"I can't seem to make her out, Captain!" the Sergeant said helplessly. "It's something about a dog."

The Captain motioned her over. "What can I do for you?" he asked in French.

The old woman's face relaxed.

"Ah, monsieur le capitaine, vous parlez francais — voila — I desire to find a dog."

"Is that all?" the Captain smiled. "What does he look like?"

"But I have not yet seen him, monsieur le capitaine!"

The Captain tried again.

"When did you lose him?" he asked.

"But I did not lose him!" the old woman insisted. "I came only to find him!"

The Captain blew his nose to hide his embarrassment.

"WHAT kind of dog are you looking for?" he asked hopelessly.

"A gentle dog, monsieur. One that will not bite. For my little Yvonne, monsieur."

So that was it. And the airbase was overrun with dogs who came to be fed and loved by lonely soldiers.

"She has no father, monsieur, no mother. I thought if she had a dog. . ."

"We'll go see what we can find," the Captain said cheerfully.

Outside the wind whipped across the airfield, where knots of airmen clustered around their planes. Nearly every man had a puppy tucked under his jacket.

A mother dog came up and rubbed against the Captain's legs.

"What do you think of this one?" he asked.

"She is very nice, monsieur le capitaine, but I should prefer a male."

So the Captain called to a passing pilot. "Hi, Skippy! I'm looking for a dog for this little girl."

Almost before he said it, dogs of all sizes and all colors yipped around them. Every once in a while the Captain would point one out hopefully. But the old woman found an objection to each. One was too large, one was too old. Was monsieur le capitaine sure this one was housebroken?

Monsieur le capitaine was sure it was not.

The old woman looked at him gravely.

"When one has only a dog to love, is it not important that it should be just the right dog?"

"And none of these will do?"

"Non, monsieur le capitaine."

JUST then a plane taxied past and a Scottie hobbled after it on three legs.

"There goes Limpy," the Captain said. "Poor devil, he never misses a landing."

He told them the story of the pilot who had brought his plane back riddled by flak. When the ambulance pulled up, only the tiny mascot was alive in the bomber's cockpit, with a leg torn and bleeding.

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"The days are shorter now, you see,"
The candy counter man replied.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth,
As it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those,
Who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory, forever.
Amen.

Child's Prayer

Now I lay me down
to sleep,
I pray thee, Lord,
my soul to keep;
If I should die be-
fore I wake,
I pray thee, Lord,
my soul to take.
If I should live for
other days,
I pray thee, Lord,
to guide my ways.

IN CENTRAL AMERICA, FIELDS OF ORCHIDS ARE GROWN AND CAREFULLY POLLINATED BY HAND, *NOT* FOR THE EXOTIC FLOWER BUT FOR THE FRUIT— THE *VANILLA BEAN*, FROM WHICH COMES OUR VANILLA EXTRACT

My Dear Little Charlotte
~~Not~~ your coat of scarlet
And your hazel eyes.
I hope at Mt. Hermon
Our small "cousin German"
Is making mud pies.

We trust you find tenting
Not as costly as renting
A flat on Haight St.,
For there are no trolleys
Nor shops with dear dollies
You "nickles" to eat.

We hope you can "holler"
Nor be fined a dollar
For disturbing the peace,
Write "Aunt Jowb" a letter
Say "none loves you better
Than your own little niece."

Please tell your dear cousin
When she hears a wasp buzzin'
To take warning and flee
Be sure that you tell her
That they are bright yellow
And sting worse than a bee.

Get a Rainbow!

If you've been invited to a nice party next week; if a new suit is going to be delivered to you in a few days; if an investment you've made is looking up, you have a rainbow. *Get a rainbow*—think of something bright and shiny that is going to happen to you soon. For the rainbow is the symbol of hope and of youth; nobody ever held a rainbow in his grasp, yet no rainbow ever disappointed anyone who was rainbow-minded.

Yes, "rainbow" is an attitude of mind. If you look for bad things to happen, and they do happen, you repeat "I told you so!" Even if they don't happen you feel bad anyhow. Or take a black view of your past—your disappointments, losses, your hard luck—and you're ready to throw in the sponge.

But get a rainbow and the past is forgotten! Look to the future in all its flaming colors, and life is again worth living. How nice to dream about that retirement insurance policy you've just bought. What if your retirement is thirty years away! A thirty year rainbow can be just as bright as any other. How wonderful is the rainbow of tomorrow's work, the interesting and pleasant things to be done, if you are only convinced that yours is a "rainbow" job!

And how beautiful is the rainbow of home—coming home after being away a long time, or after a month's trip, or just coming home tonight from work!

—James T. Mangan

With "Uncle Jim" walking
Don't do so much talking
He'll forget his cane
If clouds should threaten
An umbrella be getting
To keep off the rain.

If that tall Mr. Rob
Should be out of a job
And need something to do
I hope he'll be making
An brew for baking
Mild cakes for you.

Above verse, my daughter
Says I hadn't orter
Have written to you.
She says her "Aunt Gertrude
Will think I am just rude
With little to do."

Donald says you're "too little"
You couldn't even whittle.
Were you given a knife
We know he's just fooling
For we saw you sending
Three days of his life.

When Ralph in Hollister
Learns, "he just missed her"
He'll be sorry, too
So you write us what day
You'll pass thro' San José
He'll try to see you.

Don't let Hobble Gobble
Begin to go wobble
In running down hill,
For without him "Piggy Mo"
And his sister "Pi Po"
Would soon take a spill

Be good to your mother.
You'll find never another
Will love you so well,
You must help and please her
And quite often squeeze her
Your dear lost to tell.

My clock strikes the warning
That half of the morning
Has flown as on wings
If Fred finds no luncheon
May get a punching
So I'd best cook things

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The Rose Still Grows Beyond The Wall

Near shady wall a rose once grew,
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

•

As it grew and blossomed fair and tall,
Slowly rising to loftier height,
It came to a crevice in the wall
Through which there shone a beam of light.

•

Onward it crept with added strength,
With never a thought of fear or pride
It followed the light through the crevice-length
And unfolded itself on the other side.

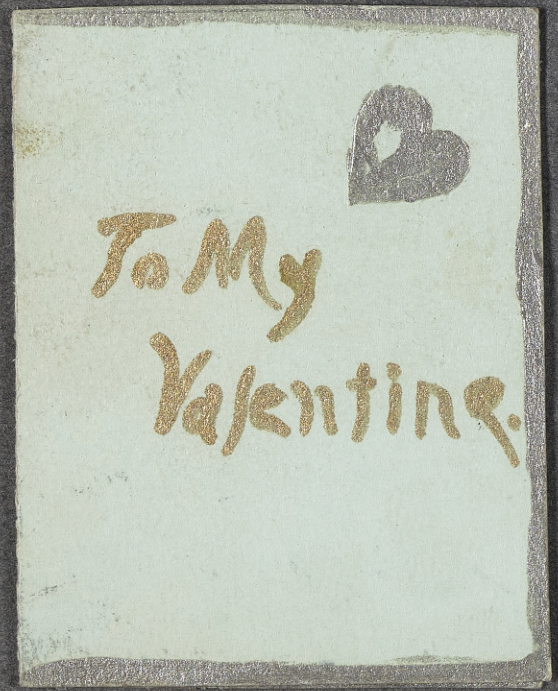
•

The light, the dew, the broadening view
Were found the same as they were before
And it lost itself in beauties new,
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

•

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve
And make our courage faint or fall?
Nay, let us faith and hope receive —
The rose still grows beyond the wall.

•



APRIL 23, 1947

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Not Only the Moth

Like most young and mischievous boys I used to get into jams, and then run to my mother for help in getting out of them. But Mother preferred to let me untangle my troubles alone. I could never understand her refusal to help until one day I saw the cocoon of a moth throbbing and heaving. Squealing with anticipation, I began to cut open the cocoon with my pocketknife, to allow the moth to emerge more easily. Mother turned up to watch the operation. When, to my vast disappointment, the moth did not fly, she had her cue.

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Monsieur Marc is responsible for the Tower's care and maintenance. He is accountable only to the private Société de la Tour Eiffel, which operates the structure and counts the profits. These are not inconsiderable. Since the Tower was opened to the public in 1889, it has had 20,000,000 plain and fancy visitors — more than the population of Mexico — and gate receipts have netted the Société a sum that is over $10,000,000.

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At present, the Eiffel is requisitioned by the U. S. Army, which has installed a GI Nightclub on the first landing and a Signal Battalion up in peanut heaven. Last winter the elevators were kaput and the Army radio men had to take the 45-minute perpendicular hike to the office every morning. Part of the outfit stayed up for 10 days at a time rather than brave the 1,710 steps twice a day. One man almost transferred out of the outfit because the 40-inch sway at the neck of the Tower made him seasick.

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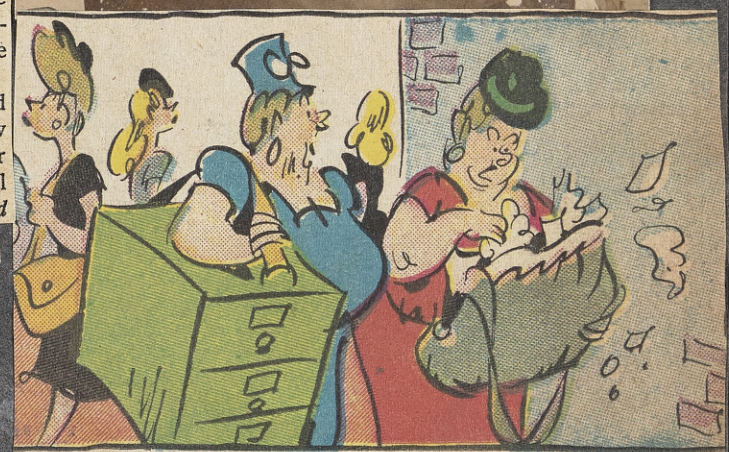

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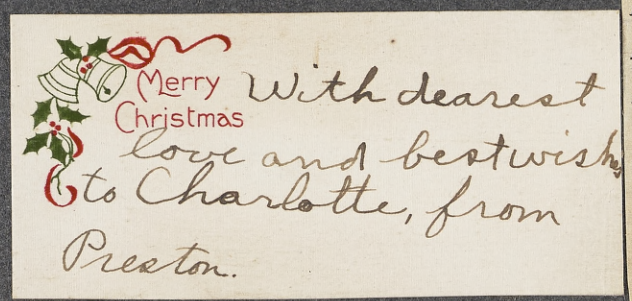

STOP AND THINK

It's just a little thing to do,
Just to think.
Anyone, no matter who,
Ought to think.
Take a little time each day
From the minutes thrown away,
Spare it from your work or play,
Stop and think!

You will find that men who fail
Do not think.
Men who find themselves in jail
Do not think.
Half the trouble that we see,
Trouble brewed for you and me,
Probably would never be
If we'd think!

Shall we journey hit or miss
Or shall we think?
Shall we shy at that and this
Or shall we think?
Let's not go along by guess,
But rather to ourselves confess
It would help us more or less
If we'd think.

WHAT WE MAY LIVE WITHOUT

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

—OWEN MEREDITH

EVERY July, not necessarily on or about the Fourth, but at least in the same star-spangled month, steeplejacks mount Liberty's good right arm and clean her torch, which, as you may know, is heavy amber glass. After that, the mighty lady of Bedloe's Island sheds a brighter light, to the general satisfaction of free spirits everywhere.

Norman Rockwell made his sketches from the top of the Administration Building. The bucket is artistic license; actually, the steeplejacks would be some 300 feet from the ground. It's a sizable light: the torch is large enough to hold twelve people. That sturdy arm is forty-two feet long.

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Budded and blossomed in God's free light,
Watered and fed by morning dew,
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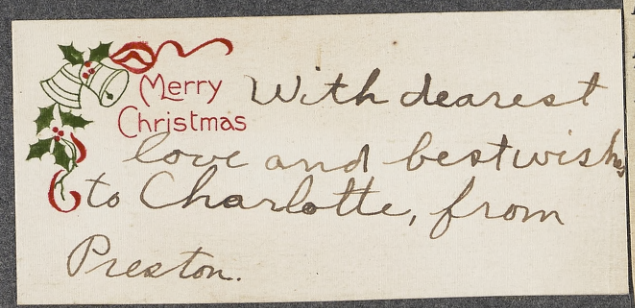

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Do not think.
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Trouble brewed for you and me,
Probably would never be
If we'd think!

Shall we journey hit or miss
Or shall we think?
Shall we shy at that and this
Or shall we think?
Let's not go along by guess,
But rather to ourselves confess
It would help us more or less
If we'd think.

WHAT WE MAY LIVE WITHOUT

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

He may live without books—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?

—OWEN MEREDITH

EVERY July, not necessarily on or about the Fourth, but at least in the same star-spangled month, steeplejacks mount Liberty's good right arm and clean her torch, which, as you may know, is heavy amber glass. After that, the mighty lady of Bedloe's Island sheds a brighter light, to the general satisfaction of free spirits everywhere.

Norman Rockwell made his sketches from the top of the Administration Building. The bucket is artistic license; actually, the steeplejacks would be some 300 feet from the ground. It's a sizable light: the torch is large enough to hold twelve people. That sturdy arm is forty-two feet long.

OLD-FASHIONED

Religion you say is old-fashioned?
How true! So is food; so is drink;
So are mothers and fathers and neighbors,
And all things of value, I think.

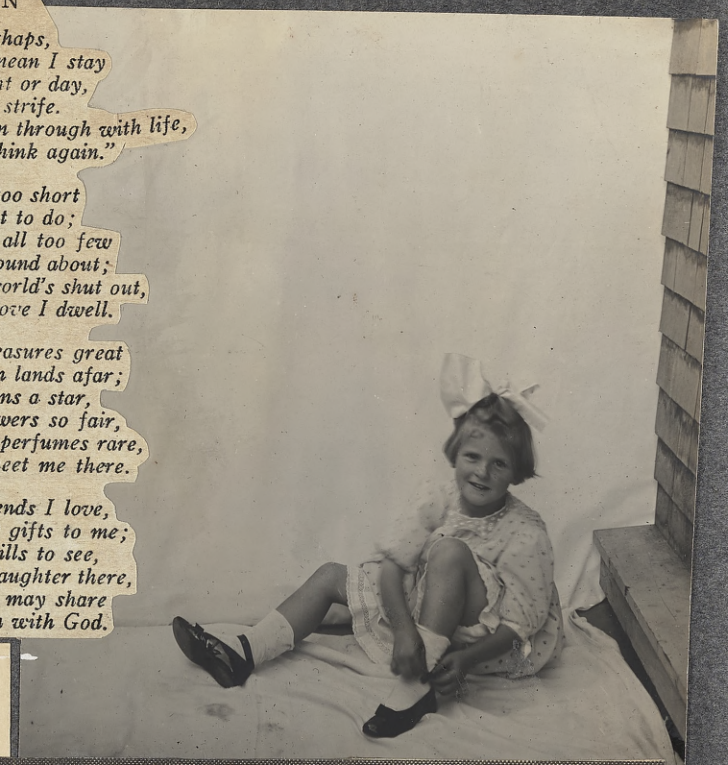
SHUT-IN

Shut in? Well, yes, perhaps,
If by those words you mean I stay
In just one place by night or day,
Afar from all life's busy strife.
But should you mean I'm through with life,
'Tis then I say, "Pray think again."

To me the days are far too short
For all the things I want to do;
Life's golden hours are all too few
To glimpse the glories round about;
While I'm shut in, the world's shut out,
For in a magic land of love I dwell.

Within that land are treasures great
Brought to my side from lands afar;
Far overhead there gleams a star,
Beneath my window flowers so fair,
While breezes bring me perfumes rare,
And all life's beauties meet me there.

Shut in with me are friends I love,
And children bring their gifts to me;
I've books to read and hills to see,
With songs of hope and laughter there,
And others' cares that I may share
While I am here—shut in with God.



EXAMPLE

There is a legend about a prince who had a crooked back. As he grew up he was very sensitive about his physical deformity. One day he said to his most skillful sculptor, "Make a statue of me, with a straight back, so that I may see myself as I might have been." When the statue was completed, the prince said: "Place it in a secret nook in the palace garden where I may visit it often." Month after month he went to the garden alone and looked longingly upon the likeness, and each time something seemed to set his blood tingling and his heart throbbing. As time passed, people began to say, "The prince's back is not as crooked as it was." . . . Came a day when the prince went to the garden as usual. Suddenly he realized that his back had become as straight as the statue's. He had become the man he longed to be!

Both Wise and Kind

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY came down the steps of his Lockerbie Street home in Indianapolis one day to be confronted by a hunchbacked little boy with a tear-stained face. "Mr. Riley," his voice shook, "you've seen crooked soldiers, haven't you?"

The poet looked around, saw an "army" of youngsters, with wooden guns and swords waiting intently for his verdict.

"Of course I have. Not very many, though," Riley added, "because crooked soldiers are the bravest, the best, and the very, very hardest to get."

Three-year-old Sandra Wruble came up with this when she dived into hatbox containing chapeau, shown at Miami millinery display.

I am going to have a party on
Saturday Oct. 9th
from two o'clock until five o'clock
and I want you to come very much.
Please let me know.
Helen Perkins
2206 Jackson St.,

PERHAPS you have never listened to the music of perfectly attuned bells as they peal forth the majestic strains of some grand old hymn like "Rock of Ages." If you have not had this privilege—and many have not—it is worth waiting for. A carillon, pronounced car-i-lon′, is a group of bells so cast that their sounds form a chromatic scale of from two to four octaves, depending on the number and size of the bells, and they are stationary. Their music is like that of the chimes on a pipe organ, only enlarged and enriched in tone, quality, and grandeur.

It seems that the Chinese were the first to recognize music in bells, but not until the latter part of the fourteenth century were great clusters of bells brought together in Europe. In the Low Countries: Holland, Bedgium, and northern France, the carillon was first introduced.

There, over the level stretches of land, bells could be heard for miles around. It was a most democratic form of music; rich and poor alike sang folk songs, hymns, and national anthems to the accompaniment of the bells. They sang at work and they sang at play—whenever the music of the bells rang out.

At first they were hung in great cathedrals like Antwerp, Dunkerque, Malines, Rotterdam, and Bruges. The bells were small, and were struck by a person with a hammer made especially for that purpose. Then later, larger, heavier bells were added and other improvements made. Now carillonneurs, those who play this instrument, sit at a console, much like the one on a pipe organ, and play as does an organist. Instead of ivory keys, there are light wooden levers which are struck

In the quaint old fishing town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, Our Lady of Good Voyage, a Portuguese church, was one of the first to install a modern carillon of thirty-three bells.

Memorial carillons were installed in towers, sometimes called "campaniles," amid the picturesque and historic surroundings, like the beautiful Luray Memorial Singing Tower in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. Groups of attuned bells found their way to the campuses of great universities: Michigan, Wisconsin, Princeton, and Duke.

Perhaps the best known one is the Singing Tower in Florida. Here, in an almost perfect setting of rare and exotic birds and flowers, stands a tower 231 feet high. A small lagoon, edged with white lilies, mirrors the tall six-sided shaft of gray and pink native marble. High up are eight Gothic windows through which the beautiful and majestic sounds of seventy-two bells are heard.

IT IS the most tranquil and secluded spot imaginable. The largest bell in the carillon weighs eleven tons, the smallest but twelve pounds. They are played at noon on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, and at three o'clock on Sundays from December to April. Special music is arranged for services at sunrise on Easter, and at midnight on Christmas and New Year's Eve. Here the calm of a summer day, the peaceful surroundings, and the great height of the bells makes for almost ethereal music.

Miracle Discs for the Blind

Louis Braille was blind when, in 1826, he invented the system of raised dots which opened books to the sightless. Like Braille, the man behind the Talking Book is also blind. He is Dr. Robert B. Irwin, executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind in New York City. Dr. Irwin knew that for many, blindness comes late in life when they find it difficult to learn finger reading. He knew, too, that many industrial and traffic accidents damage hands as well as eyes. The research workers of the American Foundation for the Blind bore out these facts. They found that less than twenty per cent of approximately 200,000 blind men and women in the United States could read with their fingers. Dr. Irwin then resolved that these thousands should get books, in the one medium that would reach all of them—sound. The doctor lost no time in interesting people who could help.

Dr. Irwin engaged sound engineers for research and experimentation to find the best type of record for the books in sound. They found it in a long-playing disc, so thin that twenty can travel in a single carton; so durable that if a blind man knocks one off a table, it will not break. They devised, too, an electric reading machine, resembling a portable phonograph, which a blind person can operate by touch alone.

At first the Foundation and its friends bore the entire cost of recording and circulating the Talking Books and of manufacturing the reading machine to play them. In 1931, Congress had passed an act authorizing an appropriation of 100,000 dollars annually to the Library of Congress for books for the adult blind, these books in Braille and other embossed types to be deposited in libraries serving large sections of the country—sections which often include several states.

Trained readers from the stage and from radio do most of the recording. The Foundation picks them for both the pleasing qualities of their voices and their ability to maintain the required reading pace. Each side of each record runs for fifteen minutes.

Talking Book studios frequently invite such famous authors as Thomas Mann, Somerset Maugham, Archibald MacLeish and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to initiate the sound recordings of their own books.

This author participation has proved popular with blind listeners. The late Alexander Woollcott, a staunch friend of blind people, was particularly successful in getting the personal note into his records, for he conveyed the impression that he was reading directly to the individual listening.

The average Talking Book runs to some fifteen to eighteen double-sided discs and each side of each twelve-inch record plays for fifteen or sixteen minutes. This means that the average book's reading time is approximately nine hours. The longest Talking Book yet recorded, Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, runs to 119 double-sided records. For this one, the Talking Book reader has to count on a 59½ hour week to finish it. Another talking tome is Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, which takes eighty records.

When the postman arrived with the first Talking Book carton eleven years ago, blind readers had the choice of enjoying either Shakespeare's *As You Like It* or *The Gospel According to St. Mark*. Today they can select their reading matter from a thousand different titles, and the American Foundation for the Blind and the American Printing House for the Blind increase that number by well over 100 new ones each year. Blind people can ask their library to send them a Talking Book 'Western,' a mystery thriller, or, if they wish, a scholarly treatise on astronomy. But whatever title they select, the happiest miracle of these discs for the blind still lies in the fact that the Talking Book service which lightens their darkness comes to them free.

The Case of the Murdered Consul

A true story, based on facts taken from *The Doctors Mayo*, by Helen Clapesattle, published by The University of Minnesota Press

+

A man kills in the night and sets a guilty bonfire — and as an aftermath of that crime a million people are delivered from pain.

I speak of a remarkable midnight fire that occurred years ago in the German Embassy in Santiago, Chile. It was not until the day after the fire that all the horror of it was known. That was when the police found the things in the furnace. Detectives and their medical specialists came and looked. They called the German ambassador; he looked, and his thick skin purpled with rage. This was no ordinary fire; it was arson, and murder. For the charred skull and bones in the furnace showed that before the body was burned the head had been cracked open with a blunt instrument.

"Our poor German consul has been killed by an assassin," screamed the German ambassador. "His body has been burned in his own furnace. Probably he was also robbed. Open the safe!"

The ambassador was right. A fortune in cash and negotiable securities had been taken from the safe.

Now the German Government flew into a rage. Chile's foreign minister did everything in his power to appease. "The janitor of the building is missing," he said to the German ambassador. "The janitor must have killed your consul; he stole your money, he has escaped. But our police will find him. Justice will be done. And we will pay indemnity."

Germany continued to scream with rage and threatened war unless the absconding janitor was found at once and put to death. Meanwhile, the president of the republic issued eulogies of the deceased German consul, and the plans for the funeral, which Chile intended to hold prior to sending the body to Germany on a battleship, were the most obsequious ever devised.

Only the police authorities remained calm. Exploring every detail of the case, they called in Dr. Germán Valenzuela, a member of the jurisprudence faculty of the medical school, who noted a singular incongruity — the murdered man was reported to have been in his late 50's, yet this skull had an almost perfect set of teeth. Leaving the laboratory, Dr. Valenzuela hurried to the home of the consul's widow.

Presently Dr. Valenzuela was talking with the consul's dentist. The consul had, indeed, had much dental work done. But in that skull from the furnace only one tooth was missing.

Dr. Valenzuela hastened to the home of the janitor. The wife waved her hands passionately in the face of Dr. Valenzuela and shrieked: "My husband never hurt anybody. He never burned down a house, he never stole, he never killed. No, never my husband!"

Dr. Valenzuela soothed her. He simply wanted to know about her husband's teeth. Well, they were clean and strong and beautiful, and all his own; he had lost only one in his whole life.

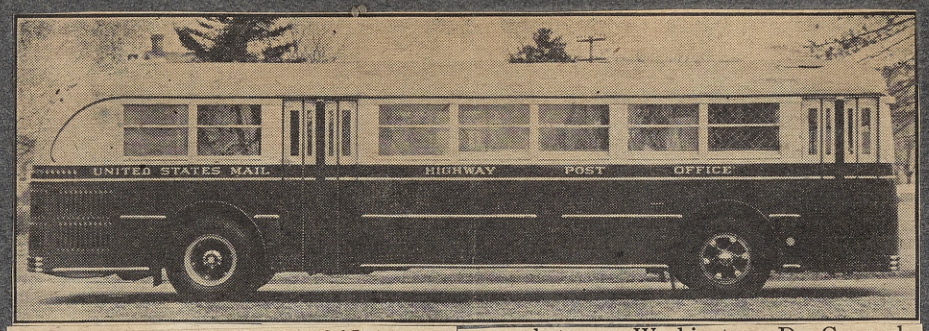
Dr. Valenzuela now hastened to the chief of police. As a result of his information, the warrant against the janitor was torn up. The janitor, they now knew, was the victim, not the killer. A warrant was issued for the vanished German consul. Obviously he had killed the janitor and thrust the dead man into the furnace. Then he had stolen the treasure from the safe, set fire to the building, and decamped — a living dead man, with a fortune in his valise.

For a while it looked as if it were a completely successful crime. The fleeing criminal had almost reached Chile's southern border and might well have escaped into the Argentine — but for a landslide that halted the train. Before the tracks could be cleared, the consul was in handcuffs. Later he was hanged.

The Chilean Government withdrew its apologies and canceled the obsequies, and it was the German officials who made apologies and offered a staggering sum to Chile as indemnity. When this money was received, the president of the republic sent for Dr. Valenzuela and bade him name his own reward from his grateful government.

Dr. Valenzuela, closing his eyes as if hearing again the murmurs of pain, the anguish of his people who were too poor to have hospital facilities and to have enough dentists, asked simply for money to build and equip a modern dental college.

His dental college was there when one of the Mayo brothers, Dr. Will, toured South America and was astonished at its modernity and completeness. It is there today, a strangely beneficent consequence of a brutal crime and a living monument to a doctor's altruism.



DECEMBER 12, 1945

Mail

Hundreds of small U.S. towns are due to receive improved service through highway postoffices

Postoffices on wheels eventually will bring better mail service to hundreds of small towns which lack adequate rail facilities.

During the war towns off the beaten path in Virginia, Indiana and California were served by the motorized postoffices.

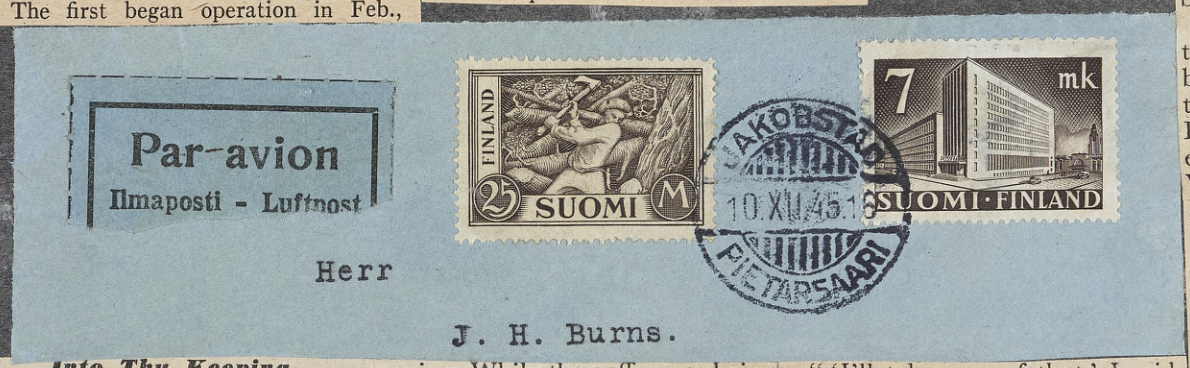
Fitted out like a railway mail car, the 33-ft. red, white and blue vehicles look like city buses.

The first began operation in Feb., 1941, between Washington, D. C., and Harrisonburg, Va. (146 mi.). Manned by a driver and two clerks, it serves 125,000 people in seven counties, stops at 19 small postoffices, makes a daily round trip, except Sundays and holidays.

In 1944, this rolling postoffice handled more than 3 million letters, more than 400,000 parcels and papers.

Other highway postoffices are in operation between Indianapolis and South Bend (155 mi.), and between San Francisco and Pacific Grove, Calif. (151 mi.).

Looking to the future, J. D. Hardy, railway mail service head, said: "If we had 100 additional buses we'd know right where to put each one."



Into Thy Keeping

THE RED CROSS man had been narrating case histories most of the night. "I'll tell you one more story," he said.

"Go ahead," I replied. "I like to hear your stories."

"It was one of my first cases," he explained. "I was sent up to a staging area in New York. There was a lot of activity when I arrived—a regiment of paratroopers was pulling out for the P.O.E.

"They were a bunch of big, tough soldiers, but the toughest of all was one of the company commanders—a red-faced Irish captain.

"First thing I did was swing a deal for some coffee and cookies for the men, but the captain wasn't at all pleased. Strictly GI, he seemed to think that I was holding up the war effort, even though the troop train wasn't yet ready for boarding. He stomped away, growling and cussing. While the coffee was being served a corporal came over to me. He was broad-shouldered and sober-looking, but he had the face of a twenty-year-old boy.

"'Sir,' he said, 'I don't like to bother you at a time like this—but you see, sir, I'm Jewish. My father died just a year ago today, and there's a prayer that Jewish boys say for their parents on the anniversary of their death. Well, I told my mother I'd be sure to observe it, no matter where I was, but there has to be what you might call a small congregation—at least ten participants. You know how those customs are. So if you could get me a Jewish chaplain . . .'

"There was no time to look for a chaplain. 'Son,' I suggested, 'how about me conducting the service? Do you have a prayer book?'

"'Why yes,' he said, 'but how about the participants?'

"'I'll take care of that,' I said.

"He dug deep into his field jacket pocket and came up with a battered Hebrew-English book. I quieted his buddies and explained the situation. His entire platoon gathered around. That was one of the most impressive things I've ever seen—those hard-boiled paratroopers, men ready to embark for God knew where, solemnly standing around with their helmets, packs and rifles, witnessing a ceremony most of them had never heard of before. I began the prayer, and the area was quiet as a church. When I finished I looked up. The Irish captain was standing next to me with tears in his eyes.

"'Mister,' he said awkwardly, 'I just got this telegram. My mother is dead. Will you say a prayer for *me* now?'"

—SGT. HAROLD WINERIP

Lincoln Mystery

LINCOLN SCHOLARS and writers can hardly wait for 1947, when more than ten thousand letters written to and by Abraham Lincoln will be opened and made public.

The story behind this secret material, now kept sealed in the Library of Congress, began more than twenty years ago, when Abraham Lincoln's only surviving son, Robert, was living in quiet Manchester, Vermont. One day a friend called on him and was ushered into a room littered with large boxes and piles of papers. In the fireplace the ashes of burned papers still glowed.

"What are you doing?" the visitor asked in astonishment.

Somewhat taken aback, Lincoln admitted that he was destroying some of his father's private papers and letters.

The friend was aghast. He thundered that no one had the right to destroy such valuable historical material. Of all persons, he said, certainly the son of the great President should be most interested in its preservation.

Lincoln explained that he did not intend to burn the entire lot. *The papers he was burning were those that contained positive proof of the treason of a member of his father's Cabinet.* In the son's opinion it seemed to everybody's best interest that such evidence be destroyed.

His friend rushed to Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, then president of Columbia University, who was stopping in Manchester, and told him what he had seen and heard. Dr. Butler hurried to Lincoln's home and argued vehemently. His words

convincing, for Lincoln finally agreed to burn no more of the papers and to turn over the entire collection to the Library of Congress.

However, he made one stipulation: *the letters and papers were not to be made public until 21 years after his death.*

Robert Lincoln died in his Manchester home, July 26, 1926.

Although the documents cannot be unsealed until 1947, speculation as to what they will reveal has already begun.

Will they throw light on the dark conspiracy in the President's Cabinet to which the son referred? Or did Robert Lincoln succeed in destroying all the incriminating papers?

These are questions which will soon be answered.

—JAMES ALDREDGE

Andrew Jackson Was Versatile!

When Andrew Jackson was twitted on his poor spelling some 100 years ago, he is supposed to have made this characteristic reply: "Well, sir, it's a damned poor mind that can't think of more than one way to spell a word!" Another tale has it that Jackson's spelling gave birth to the expression "O.K." Jackson thought, so goes the story, "all correct" was spelled "orl korrect." Hence he used O.K. as the abbreviation for these words when he approved state papers.

Nearly overhead in the middle of the evening in February are two stars named after the famous twins, Castor and Pollux. The Latin word for twins is Gemini, and a favorite oath of the ancient Romans was "by Gemini." That has become our familiar "by Jiminy" of today.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Now in disrepair, this is the ancestral home of Clement C. Moore, in Elmhurst, L. I., the house that figured in the poem. Despite a marker in front, neighborhood children knew nothing of the history of the house

ON CHRISTMAS EVE in New York City the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Parish, will again make a pilgrimage with lanterns and candles across the street to the churchyard and grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D.D.

It is not because he was founder of General Theological Seminary, or teacher of classical languages there, that the children have visited his resting place every year. Not because of the pride and joy of his career, the ponderous Hebrew lexicon that he wrote with the hope that it might make him famous. Nor is it because of his intellectual prowess that a tablet has been erected to his memory on Twenty-third Street, where the Moore home once stood. It is because of a little set of verses dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822, read to his children that night and stuffed away in his desk as of no importance. A set of verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

These magic lines, which every child knows, were not copyrighted and never brought Moore a penny. He almost lost out on the accompanying fame, too, for twenty-two years went by before he consented to have his name signed to A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

On that snowy day before Christmas in 1822, Doctor Moore had been shopping for an extra turkey to complete a gift basket for a poor family of the parish. As dusk settled on the old Chelsea neighborhood, he encountered his crony, old Jan Duyckinck, chubby and jolly and Dutch, with rosy dimpled cheeks and a luxuriant white beard from which protruded a stump of a pipe and a wreath of smoke.

For years Jan Duyckinck had fascinated Clement Moore with legends of Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the early Christian church and patron saint of all good Dutch children. Avidly Moore listened again to the tales of the miraculous powers of Santa Claus—as the Dutch youngsters liked to call him—and especially of his love for children whose good deeds he rewarded with gifts at Christmas.

It was dark when at last he wrapped his muffler tightly around his throat, drew his tunic close about him, and headed home into the raw cold wind from the Hudson. Perhaps because the old Dutchman's yarns had stimulated his imagination, perhaps because of the moonlight glittering and sparkling on the new-fallen snow, Doctor Moore looked up and saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer. The driver, a fat, ruddy-faced old fellow that Moore knew instantly must be Saint Nick, whistled and curled his long whip over the reindeer and shouted their names into the north wind:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!"

A swirl of snow obscured the lovely vision. Moore hurried home to the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Thoughts of Christmas, of his own children, of Jan Duyckinck's Saint Nicholas danced in his head and he wondered why the charming legend hadn't spanned the sea to America. Flinging the market basket into the kitchen, he went straight to his study. Unaware that he was dipping his quill pen in immortality, he started to write:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .

Thus old Jan Duyckinck became the poetic incarnation of Santa Claus.

That night the big house rang with the laughter of children as Doctor Moore read the verses to his family, and they remembered it long after Christmas Eve and on into the following summer when a relative came visiting from upstate. The manuscript was pulled from its dusty pigeonhole and read to the delighted guest, who made a copy of it. She gave the piece to the Troy Sentinel, and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus—previously unknown and uncelebrated in this country—made his public debut. The poem appeared unsigned; the editor furnished the title, A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

Immediately it captured the imagination of children and parents alike and there came an avalanche of requests for permission to reprint it and for news of the author.

Clement Clarke Moore's simple poem has been a rolling snowball ever since. A ceremony has been built up around it and is passed on as tradition from generation to generation. From countless firesides on Christmas Eve there rises the cadence of enchanted words as fathers and mothers read aloud the beloved fantasy to excited children.

Moore's family was a distinguished one. His father, Benjamin Moore, was rector of Trinity Church on lower Broadway and the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York. Clement, who was born during the Revolutionary War, also studied for the ministry, graduating from Columbia College in 1798, where his father had been president. But he never took his orders; instead, he devoted himself to classical languages.

Probably the keenest disappointment of his life was that fame touched his shoulder because of a few lines of what he termed "nonsensical" poetry scribbled down in an hour, rather than for his Hebrew lexicon.

However, there is a belief among some realistic folk that Doctor Moore is quite resigned to that fact, and that his spirit no longer haunts the familiar scenes of old Chelsea: the seminary; the big apartment buildings occupying the site of the old Moore homestead; Saint Peter's where he worshiped and played the great organ; or even uptown where the children pay homage at his grave.

They say the now-content spirit of the good doctor spends most of its time at that mysterious outpost of the world where everybody who knows anything at all knows that Santa Claus operates his main assembly line far removed from the madness of a world at war. They say, moreover, that Clem Moore is a big executive there, in charge of seeing that no bottleneck occurs to stem the flow of Christmas joy to children everywhere.

Be that as it may, the people around that part of New York City where old Jan Duyckinck once spun Christmas stories will tell you that, when Saint Nick drives across the sky, he flourishes his whip over the backs of his antlered coursers and dips his runners in salute to Clement Clarke Moore, the greatest press agent the jolly, white-whiskered old saint ever had.

THE END

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples — how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

My Trip Across the Plains

George W. Ormsby Dec 21 1908

PHOENIX, May 12. (Exclu-

My earliest memories are of the town of Oxford, Wisconsin, where I lived with my mother, father, two brothers, and two sisters. My father, John Harper Ormsby, ran a grist mill and a saw mill there. The grist mill ground grain of any kind. Farmers brought wheat, corn, or rye to the mill and paid a toll for the grinding. They would bring logs in to make lumber to use on their farms. There was a toll for sawing. It was a district of sandy soil and scrubby timber.

After a while they couldn't dispose of the flour and meal to advantage, so they undertook the distilling business. They had a cooper shop for making barrels for flour, and they used these barrels for the whiskey. Rye grew well around Oxford in the light soil, so it was a good district for whiskey. Several granaries were built to store the rye which the farmers brought in. The rye was delivered to father in cotton one-hundred pound sacks tied with string. The rye was dumped out in heaps, and then shoveled over so it wouldn't heat. I spent many days shoveling over rye, so I remember these things well. I also remember the mill itself. It was made of stones, and the stones had to be sharpened often so that the grain might be finely ground.

I suppose that even the distilling business was not as successful as it might have been, for in 1861 father decided to go West. It was on my fifteenth birthday, April 13, that we joined two other families, the Olivers and the Schusters and left Wisconsin for California. There were seven in our family—father, mother (Betsey Carroll Ormsby), my older brother, Whitney, my older sister, Mary, my younger brother Powell, and my younger sister, Julia. The other families each had about the same number of children. Our family had two wagons, one drawn by mules, the other by oxen. The other families had but one wagon apiece.

On our first day out, I remember we traveled to a little place where my eldest brother's fiancee lived. We stayed there over night.

When we had been out several days we got up to find it raining, and we had to camp all day. We sat in the wagons until almost night, and then the men built a fire of the logs which were lying around in the yard where we were. We stood by the fire drying first one side of ourselves and then the other to keep warm. Next day the weather was dry again.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

The years teach much which the days never know.—*R. W. Emerson*

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The covered wagons will roll no more
From Atlantic shore to Pacific shore.
Wood and canvas have rotted away
In desert sand or in prairie clay,
And the men and women who hold the reins
Are the roots of the wheat on the Central Plains.

The campfire songs and the campfire jokes,
The solid hubs and the stalwart spokes,
Hank and Sukie and Bess and Slim,
The long thighbone and the strong steel rim,
Are blown or buried or gone to rust,
Are one with the air, are one with the dust.

But wherever the rural mailmen go,
Through baking sun or through blinding snow,
Wherever a well-trod path runs back
To a neat farmhouse or a crumpling shack—
There, on top of their leaning posts,
The covered wagons have left their ghosts.

Some are battered and some are trim,
Some are rakish and some are prim,
Some are huddled in groups, afraid
Of the coming of night and the Indian raid,
And some are alone and proud—but all
Are silent, and ghostly, and still, and small.

The prairie schooners will roll no more
From Atlantic shore to Pacific shore.
They've lost their wheels and they've lost their load,
They stand drawn up by the side of the road:
But the traveler's eye can plainly see
The U.S.A. in the R.F.D.

Rose and Trees

Maryory

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Christmas 44

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Now in disrepair, this is the ancestral home of Clement C. Moore, in Elmhurst, L. I., the house that figured in the poem. Despite a marker in front, neighborhood children knew nothing of the history of the house

ON CHRISTMAS EVE in New York City the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Parish, will again make a pilgrimage with lanterns and candles across the street to the churchyard and grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D.D.

It is not because he was founder of General Theological Seminary, or teacher of classical languages there, that the children have visited his resting place every year. Not because of the pride and joy of his career, the ponderous Hebrew lexicon that he wrote with the hope that it might make him famous. Nor is it because of his intellectual prowess that a tablet has been erected to his memory on Twenty-third Street, where the Moore home once stood. It is because of a little set of verses dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822, read to his children that night and stuffed away in his desk as of no importance. A set of verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

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It was dark when at last he wrapped his muffler tightly around his throat, drew his tunic close about him, and headed home into the raw cold wind from the Hudson. Perhaps because the old Dutchman's yarns had stimulated his imagination, perhaps because of the moonlight glittering and sparkling on the new-fallen snow, Doctor Moore looked up and saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer. The driver, a fat, ruddy-faced old fellow that Moore knew instantly must be Saint Nick, whistled and curled his long whip over the reindeer and shouted their names into the north wind:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!"

A swirl of snow obscured the lovely vision. Moore hurried home to the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Thoughts of Christmas, of his own children, of Jan Duyckinck's Saint Nicholas danced in his head and he wondered why the charming legend hadn't spanned the sea to America. Flinging the market basket into the kitchen, he went straight to his study. Unaware that he was dipping his quill pen in immortality, he started to write:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .

Thus old Jan Duyckinck became the poetic incarnation of Santa Claus.

That night the big house rang with the laughter of children as Doctor Moore read the verses to his family, and they remembered it long after Christmas Eve and on into the following summer when a relative came visiting from upstate. The manuscript was pulled from its dusty pigeonhole and read to the delighted guest, who made a copy of it. She gave the piece to the Troy Sentinel, and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus—previously unknown and uncelebrated in this country—made his public debut. The poem appeared unsigned; the editor furnished the title, A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

Immediately it captured the imagination of children and parents alike and there came an avalanche of requests for permission to reprint it and for news of the author.

Clement Clarke Moore's simple poem has been a rolling snowball ever since. A ceremony has been built up around it and is passed on as tradition from generation to generation. From countless firesides on Christmas Eve there rises the cadence of enchanted words as fathers and mothers read aloud the beloved fantasy to excited children.

Moore's family was a distinguished one. His father, Benjamin Moore, was rector of Trinity Church on lower Broadway and the second Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York. Clement, who was born during the Revolutionary War, also studied for the ministry, graduating from Columbia College in 1798, where his father had been president. But he never took his orders; instead, he devoted himself to classical languages.

Probably the keenest disappointment of his life was that fame touched his shoulder because of a few lines of what he termed "nonsensical" poetry scribbled down in an hour, rather than for his Hebrew lexicon.

However, there is a belief among some realistic folk that Doctor Moore is quite resigned to that fact, and that his spirit no longer haunts the familiar scenes of old Chelsea: the seminary; the big apartment buildings occupying the site of the old Moore homestead; Saint Peter's where he worshiped and played the great organ; or even uptown where the children pay homage at his grave.

They say the now-content spirit of the good doctor spends most of its time at that mysterious outpost of the world where everybody who knows anything at all knows that Santa Claus operates his main assembly line far removed from the madness of a world at war. They say, moreover, that Clem Moore is a big executive there, in charge of seeing that no bottleneck occurs to stem the flow of Christmas joy to children everywhere.

Be that as it may, the people around that part of New York City where old Jan Duyckinck once spun Christmas stories will tell you that, when Saint Nick drives across the sky, he flourishes his whip over the backs of his antlered coursers and dips his runners in salute to Clement Clarke Moore, the greatest press agent the jolly, white-whiskered old saint ever had.

THE END

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
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And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

While we were going through the settled farming country, Charlie Schuster, (one of the young boys) got mad at his family, and left the wagon train. He followed along for two or three days—keeping the train in sight. Probably he lived on berries. Finally his father saw him and went out and packed him in.

We bought eggs all through the settled country for three cents a dozen—all we wanted.

When we got to Kansas City we crossed the Missouri river on the biggest bridge I had ever seen. We bought our supplies of bacon, flour, sugar, and coffee, across the bridge from Kansas City. As I remember it, this was near the end of the settlements.

As we traveled along we would overtake other wagon trains, and they joined us—making one large train. One of the men who joined the train later in the journey was John Walker. He had crossed the plains before, and knew the dangers better than the other men. Walker became Captain of the entire train. He and the few men who were riding horses used to keep ahead of the train to find camping grounds. Each day we traveled from ten to fifteen miles. More and more wagons joined us all the time, till when we were full-trained, we had one-hundred and eleven wagons.

All sorts of interesting stories were told by the members of these new groups. Naturally, they had had a variety of experiences in their travels. I remember that Mrs. Church, (whose daughter later married my son, Ernest) told of a woman and children who were left on the plains by her party. The husband went out to get game and never came back. The woman refused to go on without him, so they were forced to leave her. She was never heard from again.

After we got the full train some of the parties thought they could go faster than the rest of us. Perhaps a dozen wagons started ahead. Before noon the Indians had come on them, killed some of them, looted the wagons, burned some wagons and driven the stock away. One of the men ahead had a horse the Indians didn't get. He came back to let us know what had happened. When we caught up with them, the survivors wanted the Captain to let them go to see if they could get the stock back. Captain Walker told them it was useless to go, as he knew there was no chance of ever recovering them. They persisted, however, and set out to look for the stock. They could find

My Trip Across the Plains

George W. Arnish Dec 21 1988

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neither Indians nor cattle, but fortunately returned to the train in safety.

One of these men in the party which was attacked was named Bullard. He was without a family—traveling alone. He had four horses, and it was rumored that he was wealthy. When the Indians attacked, they killed him, took his valuables, and then burned his wagon. There was a breech-loading shotgun in his wagon, but as it was in pieces when the Indians were robbing, they threw it on the ground, not knowing what to do with it. Father happened to see the gun and picked it up. We brought it through with us.

When the searching party returned without the stock the rest of the train had to divide up their stock, and everything else needed for the journey. Three or four wagons had to be hauled by the teams of those more fortunate.

When we got to Green river, it was bank-full, so we couldn't ford it. We had to take the bed from one of our wagons and caulk it, so as to haul things across the river in it. Ropes were stretched tight across the river, and the boat was sent across and back with supplies. Another boy and I took off our shoes and waded in the water helping to get things across the whole day long. The next day I couldn't get my feet to the ground, they were so swollen from exposure to the sun and water. I had to stay in the wagon all day.

We had to keep all the stock in a corral at night for fear the Indians would get them. The corral was made by hauling one wagon up next to the one behind it, and putting it close enough to the other wagon so that the tongues and chains would make a fence that anything would have to jump to get over.

One night, not long after crossing Green River, we camped on the bank of a deep creek. At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Oliver and I were just getting ready to go on guard at the mouth of the corral when some Indians came riding by the camp on their ponies, shouting at the top of their voices. All the stock were frightened and were up and going for the mouth of the corral in an instant. We ran around as quickly as we could to keep the stock in. None got away.

One man in Church's wagon who had been in the group attacked by Indians, was so frightened he got out of the wagon and sat down against the front wheel, inside of the corral. He shook so from fright that the whole wagon quivered.

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In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

After that something went wrong and Schuster's folks pulled out of the train. We never saw them again. Later, however, we met two men coming back with one of Schuster's cows. When Oliver's team saw the cow they ran out of the road bawling at her. They had recognized her.

Each morning the women in our train baked pans of biscuits in dutch ovens. This provided the bread for the party.

One of our oxen got the "rot-foot" on the journey. Father had to drive him alone. Some days he would start out before the train, other days after the train. He'd be all day behind the train one day, and all day ahead of the train the next day. One day he was ahead of the train, when the ox lay down with his foot right in the road. When we came along we had to pull out around the ox, so as not to run over his foot. The last wagon (which was driven by the preacher) deliberately ran over the ox's foot. For the next few days the ox hobbled along painfully. Then a stranger, going East offered to pay father fifteen dollars for him. Father was glad to get that much. The preacher didn't stay with the train after that.

Every once in awhile we saw terrifying sights on our journey. On one occassion we crossed an alkali stream where there were the charred remains of a wagon and the bodies of men—victims of an Indian attack. The wagon was heading Eastward.

As we were passing through a sort of canyon, one of the young men thoughtlessly rolled a stone down on the opposite side of the canyon, from where we were. It frightened the whole train, and the stock started to stampede, but the men headed them off before any damage was done. By this time the stock was almost like wild cattle from being out on the plains so long.

After a while we came to where there were two roads—one leading to Oregon—one to California. We kept on to California.

I remember one young man, Horace Munion by name who stopped to work when we came into settled country again. His parents went on with the train. Many months later he came to see us in California. He was searching for his parents. They had completely disappeared. We had long ago lost track of them, so we couldn't help him. I don't know whether he ever located them or not.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

My Trip Across the Plains

George W. Armsby Dec 21 1988

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Not long after this we came to Carson City. Then we had the Sierra Nevada mountains to cross. Here there was a regular trail where they hauled goods over from California. We were always meeting those big teams bringing big loads—ten or twelve mules or oxen to a wagon. We could pass only occassionally. It kept me worried to keep track of the teams coming, so as to find turn-out places. After driving the ox-pulled wagon all the way across the plains I was used to most trails, but this was something new.

At last we left the mountains behind us and arrived in the bustling city of Sacramento. Here my brother Whitney stopped and worked in a hotel for awhile. Mary, too, worked for her board until we found a place to live. In October we reached Petaluma and camped on the old Bliss ranch in someone's yard. He let us turn our stock into his field.

For many days father was gone all day, every day looking for work. Finally he found a place in Big Valley, near the coast. The owner of the place was a widower, who was very anxious to marry my sister, Mary. In fact, his idea in bringing the family there was to make it possible for him to court and marry Mary right away. When Mary refused to have anything to do with the man, he didn't want us around. We sold out to him and left.

Then we moved to Amador county, in the spring of 1862. Whitney had heard from a man who had crossed the plains with us that copper had been discovered there. Whitney went right up there and staked out some copper claims. He considered himself worth three thousand dollars when he was twenty-one years old. It didn't prove to be that way, however. They had no mill in that section of the country for working the ore into copper. There were good mines there, but they couldn't afford to haul the ore to the mill. The whole scheme had to be abandoned.

While we lived in Mineral City, Amador County, Mary married August Prescott. They owned a big ranch joining the place we had rented. Prescott thought the sorrel would take the country, so he sold the ranch for not half what it was worth. They moved into Petaluma, and he bought a tannery, making leather. After we found that there was nothing in Amador County, we came back to Petaluma. Father went to work for Prescott in the tannery, and I worked for him to grinding bark. The tannery business didn't pay, as he knew little about it.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

The years teach much which the days never know.—*R. W. Emerson*

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R. F. D.

Jan Struther

The covered wagons will roll no more
From Atlantic shore to Pacific shore.
Wood and canvas have rotted away
In desert sand or in prairie clay,
And the men and women who hold the reins
Are the roots of the wheat on the Central Plains.

The campfire songs and the campfire jokes,
The solid hubs and the stalwart spokes,
Hank and Sukie and Bess and Slim,
The long thighbone and the strong steel rim,
Are blown or buried or gone to rust,
Are one with the air, are one with the dust.

But wherever the rural mailmen go,
Through baking sun or through blinding snow,
Wherever a well-trod path runs back
To a neat farmhouse or a crumpling shack—
There, on top of their leaning posts,
The covered wagons have left their ghosts.

Some are battered and some are trim,
Some are rakish and some are prim,
Some are huddled in groups, afraid
Of the coming of night and the Indian raid,
And some are alone and proud—but all
Are silent, and ghostly, and still, and small.

The prairie schooners will roll no more
From Atlantic shore to Pacific shore.
They've lost their wheels and they've lost their load,
They stand drawn up by the side of the road:
But the traveler's eye can plainly see
The U.S.A. in the R.F.D.

Rose and Trees

Maryory

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the Earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

was an order for Steinrock and Gunther to take one of the machines to Riverside, Cal., for a duplication of these tests in California.

It is expected that from there the generator will be taken to San Joaquin Valley for a series of vineyard and orchard demonstrations.

1871 and signed with a butterfly—his mark. In 1891 the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris bought it for $800, turned it over to the Louvre after it became famous.

It came here a-visiting only once—to New York in 1932, Chicago World's Fair in 1933, Baltimore in 1934. After that, Americans had to cross the ocean to glimpse America's most advertised mother.

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

Now in disrepair, this is the ancestral home of Clement C. Moore, in Elmhurst, L. I., the house that figured in the poem. Despite a marker in front, neighborhood children knew nothing of the history of the house

ON CHRISTMAS EVE in New York City the children of the Chapel of the Intercession, Trinity Parish, will again make a pilgrimage with lanterns and candles across the street to the churchyard and grave of Clement Clarke Moore, D.D.

It is not because he was founder of General Theological Seminary, or teacher of classical languages there, that the children have visited his resting place every year. Not because of the pride and joy of his career, the ponderous Hebrew lexicon that he wrote with the hope that it might make him famous. Nor is it because of his intellectual prowess that a tablet has been erected to his memory on Twenty-third Street, where the Moore home once stood. It is because of a little set of verses dashed off in an hour of Yuletide inspiration on December 24, 1822, read to his children that night and stuffed away in his desk as of no importance. A set of verses that brought Santa Claus to America.

These magic lines, which every child knows, were not copyrighted and never brought Moore a penny. He almost lost out on the accompanying fame, too, for twenty-two years went by before he consented to have his name signed to A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

On that snowy day before Christmas in 1822, Doctor Moore had been shopping for an extra turkey to complete a gift basket for a poor family of the parish. As dusk settled on the old Chelsea neighborhood, he encountered his crony, old Jan Duyckinck, chubby and jolly and Dutch, with rosy dimpled cheeks and a luxuriant white beard from which protruded a stump of a pipe and a wreath of smoke.

For years Jan Duyckinck had fascinated Clement Moore with legends of Saint Nicholas, a bishop of the early Christian church and patron saint of all good Dutch children. Avidly Moore listened again to the tales of the miraculous powers of Santa Claus—as the Dutch youngsters liked to call him—and especially of his love for children whose good deeds he rewarded with gifts at Christmas.

It was dark when at last he wrapped his muffler tightly around his throat, drew his tunic close about him, and headed home into the raw cold wind from the Hudson. Perhaps because the old Dutchman's yarns had stimulated his imagination, perhaps because of the moonlight glittering and sparkling on the new-fallen snow, Doctor Moore looked up and saw racing across the starlit sky a miniature sleigh heaped with toys and drawn by eight tiny reindeer. The driver, a fat, ruddy-faced old fellow that Moore knew instantly must be Saint Nick, whistled and curled his long whip over the reindeer and shouted their names into the north wind:

"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen!"

A swirl of snow obscured the lovely vision. Moore hurried home to the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Thoughts of Christmas, of his own children, of Jan Duyckinck's Saint Nicholas danced in his head and he wondered why the charming legend hadn't spanned the sea to America. Flinging the market basket into the kitchen, he went straight to his study.

Unaware that he was dipping his quill pen in immortality, he started to write:

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. . . .

Thus old Jan Duyckinck became the poetic incarnation of Santa Claus.

That night the big house rang with the laughter of children as Doctor Moore rea the verses to his family, and they remembere it long after Christmas Eve and on into th following summer when a relative ca visiting from upstate. The manuscript w pulled from its dusty pigeonhole and re to the delighted guest, who made a copy it. She gave the piece to the Troy Sentin and on December 23, 1823, Santa Claus previously unknown and uncelebrated in th country—made his public debut. The poe appeared unsigned; the editor furnished t title, A Visit From Saint Nicholas.

Immediately it captured the imaginati of children and parents alike and there can an avalanche of requests for permission reprint it and for news of the author.

Clement Clarke Moore's simple poem h been a rolling snowball ever since. A cer mony has been built up around it and passed on as tradition from generation to ge eration. From countless firesides on Chris mas Eve there rises the cadence of enchante words as fathers and mothers read aloud th beloved fantasy to excited children.

Moore's family was a distinguished on His father, Benjamin Moore, was rector c Trinity Church on lower Broadway and th second Protestant Episcopal bishop of Ne York. Clement, who was born during th Revolutionary War, also studied for the mi istry, graduating from Columbia College i 1798, where his father had been presiden But he never took his orders; instead, h devoted himself to classical languages.

Probably the keenest disappointment of h life was that fame touched his shoulder b cause of a few lines of what he termed "no sensical" poetry scribbled down in an hou rather than for his Hebrew lexicon.

However, there is a belief among son realistic folk that Doctor Moore is qui resigned to that fact, and that his spirit r longer haunts the familiar scenes of o Chelsea: the seminary; the big apartme buildings occupying the site of the old Moo homestead; Saint Peter's where he worship and played the great organ; or even uptow where the children pay homage at his grav

They say the now-content spirit of t good doctor spends most of its time at th mysterious outpost of the world where ever body who knows anything at all knows th Santa Claus operates his main assembly li far removed from the madness of a world war. They say, moreover, that Clem Moo is a big executive there, in charge of seei that no bottleneck occurs to stem the flow Christmas joy to children everywhere.

Be that as it may, the people around that part of New York City where old Jan Duyckinck once spun Christmas stories will tell you that, when Saint Nick drives across the sky, he flourishes his whip over the backs of his antlered coursers and dips his runners in salute to Clement Clarke Moore, the greatest press agent the jolly, white-whiskered old saint ever had.

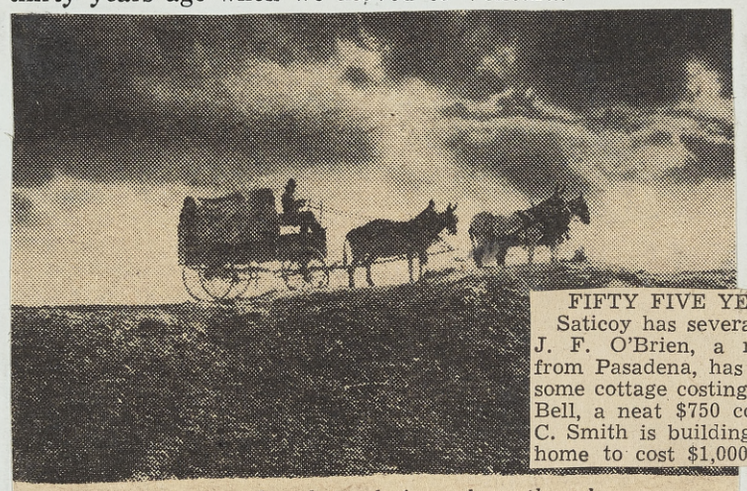
THE END

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,

We got a chance to cut wood for Greene and Wharf. We cut a hundred cords of wood for them. (That would be fifty cords now.)

Then we bought the ranch located about four miles northeast of Petaluma. Here we lived until when I was twenty-four I married Lydia Sackett, a neighbor with whom my brother and I had gone to school. I brought my bride to this ranch and we lived there until our children were nearly grown.

We lived at this place and at a smaller place called "Bonnie View" until nearly thirty years ago when we moved to Ventura.



Across the plains before the railroad

FIFTY FIVE YEARS AGO
Saticoy has several new homes. J. F. O'Brien, a recent arrival from Pasadena, has built a handsome cottage costing $1,000; W. B Bell, a neat $750 cottage; and E. C. Smith is building another fine home to cost $1,000. **DEC. 6, 1945**

The paint our early settlers used was made of red ocher mined locally and spread with either kerosene oil or skimmed milk. It was the only available paint; they used it because they could get it. If the local paint mine yielded yellow ocher instead of red, the local homes were yellow.

Uncle George thinks Grandma Ormsby was born in Quincy Ill. & Grandpa in Ohio - Grandma's maiden name was Betsy Carroll McVey - Grandpa Ormsby born Dec 16 1817 - My Mother Julia Ormsby Fillmore died Nov 13 1877

FIFTY FIVE YEARS AGO
The Chicago Clothing company announces the arrival of a fine lot of men's suits, ranging in price from $4.50 to $10. Boy's school suits, costing from $1.50 to $2, are also on sale. **1946**

FIFTY FIVE YEARS AGO
Census figures are now complete for California. Ventura boasts 2,320 inhabitants while there are now 50,395 people living in Los Angeles and 298,997 residing in San Francisco.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO
In spite of the fact that registration of voters in this city is 400 larger than that of Oxnard, census figures show Oxnard leading by 75. Ventura is credited with 4,342; Oxnard 4417; Santa Paula 3,967; Fillmore 1,298. **Jan. 13, 1946**

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863)

arf. We cut a
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"Bonnie View"

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My Trip Across the Plains

George W. Armsby Dec 27 1998

PHOENIX, May 12. (Exclusive)—Greatest advance of all history, in man's perpetual war against insects that prey on his crops and his livestock, has been made here in Salt River Valley within the last two weeks.

Fog generators, invented to screen Allied troops, ships and military installations in World War II, are being used to disperse the "wonder insecticide," DDT, over fields, orchards and vineyards. In from 15 seconds to two and a half minutes, an acre is blanketed with an odorless, impalpable but opaque mist, harmless to man and all other warm-blooded animals, that destroys every injurious insect.

Much has been printed about DDT in the last year or two. Medical men of the armed services have found it amazingly effective against mosquitoes, flies and body lice.

Col. Dale Bumstead, an Arizona citrus and grape grower, accidentally learned of the fog generator which has figured so largely in Allied successes at Cherbourg, Anzio, the Rhine crossing, and in dozens of other actions.

This idea resulted in Col. Bumstead and Dr. Charles T. Vorhies, University of Arizona entomologist, making a trip to Washington.

Furthermore, this incredibly effective combination of two war weapons is to be available almost immediately for agricultural and public health purposes. Permission to build fog generators for civilian sale was given on May 3 by the Navy Department to the Todd Shipyards Corp. of New York City.

Contrary to expectations, bees were not visibly affected. DDT had been described as fatal to bees, but thousands of them continued to work on the grapefruit blossoms. No dead bee has yet been found in the grove.

One result was permission for fog generators to be manufactured for the public. Another was an order for Steinrock and Gunther to take one of the machines to Riverside, Cal., for a duplication of these tests in California.

It is expected that from there the generator will be taken to San Joaquin Valley for a series of vineyard and orchard demonstrations.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none;
If there be one, try and find it,
If there be none, never mind it.

The years teach much which the days never know.—*R. W. Emerson*

With gardens planted, now is the time for all good weather to come to the aid of its country.

American Acre

By ROBERT D. ABRAHAMS

An acre of good American ground,
With its stand of trees and its leaf mold browned,
And the golden squares where the sun shines through,
And the lines of green that the shadows drew;
With its past, its present and future alive
And its history mostly yet to arrive—
What does it mean to an earth so torn?
This: In such acres a world is born.

Whistler's Mother is a symbol of Mother's Day.

This Mother's Day finds the original *Mother* back in the Louvre Gallery in Paris. Just what adventures befell the old lady during the four years of German occupation aren't known fully, but she spent part of it hidden in some French chateau with other art treasures.

The painting isn't as American as we'd like to think. James McNeill Whistler himself was international. His grandfather came here with the British army during the Revolution, returned later to England only to come back to the U.S. with his titled bride. His son, named for George Washington, was a construction engineer. When the Russian Czar in 1843 wanted an expert to build an arrow-straight railroad, he called for George, the builder.

Angry Artist. So it was that "Jimmie" Whistler, then a New England boy of 11, began to study art in the Russian Imperial Palace 100 years ago. When George Whistler died of overwork, the family went to England, then home. Like his father, Jimmie at 17 went to West Point. He liked the academy, led his art class but "flunked out" in chemistry.

After a year of drafting for the U.S. Coast Survey, "Jimmie" headed for Paris and London in 1855. He never returned.

His mother joined him 13 years later. His *Arrangement in Gray and Black No. 1*, the 56 by 64 inch oil portrait, which to his annoyance, became known as *Whistler's Mother*, was done in England around 1871 and signed with a butterfly—his mark. In 1891 the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris bought it for $800, turned it over to the Louvre after it became famous.

It came here a-visiting only once—to New York in 1932, Chicago World's Fair in 1933, Baltimore in 1934. After that, Americans had to cross the ocean to glimpse America's most advertised mother.

How to Display Stars and Stripes

How to display the Flag properly:

When displayed either horizontally or vertically against a wall the union should be uppermost and to the Flag's own right—to the observer's left.

When displayed with other flags the Flag of the United States should be in the position of honor, that is: above others, to the right of others and in front of others.

When displayed over the middle of a street, as between buildings, the Flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east-west street or to the east in a north-south street.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

So why not learn to relax and take life easier. Let us have some wholesome fun in our lives. Elbert Hubbard once said, "Do not take this life too seriously. You will not get out of it alive anyway."

R. F. D.

Jan Struther

The covered wagons will roll no more
From Atlantic shore to Pacific shore.
Wood and canvas have rotted away
In desert sand or in prairie clay,
And the men and women who hold the reins
Are the roots of the wheat on the Central Plains.

The campfire songs and the campfire jokes,
The solid hubs and the stalwart spokes,
Hank and Sukie and Bess and Slim,
The long thighbone and the strong steel rim,
Are blown or buried or gone to rust,
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But wherever the rural mailmen go,
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Wherever a well-trod path runs back
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There, on top of their leaning posts,
The covered wagons have left their ghosts.

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The prairie schooners will roll no more
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A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Christmas 44

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Scouts Without Sight

MAR. 11, 1945

WHEN Fred Bolotin takes his Boy Scouts to an airport, pilots, mechanics and stewards stand aside respectfully as the lads clamber in and out of shining skyliners. At fire stations, the smoke-eaters step back and let Fred's boys do things that other kids can only dream about. These boys aren't privileged characters. They are blind Boy Scouts, led by a scoutmaster who was born blind himself.

This scoutmaster is a practical man. He teaches his sightless scouts simple as well as complex things. How do you identify coins when you're blind?

"That's easy," Fred says cheerfully. "You distinguish the coin by its milled edge or the lack of it," he tells the blind boys. "A penny has no milled edge. Neither has a nickel. The dime is the smallest coin that has a milled edge. Then comes the milled quarter and the half dollar."

Several years ago, Bolotin received a telegram inviting him to fly to New York for a guest appearance on a radio show. Fred took along one blind scout who had amazing musical ability.

The radio people, though, were interested in Fred alone, and offered the boy only forty seconds on the air show. Fred balked. He didn't need a break on the radio for himself, he stormed. He was getting along in years and publicity meant nothing to him. It was different with the blind boy musician, who was the one meriting the breaks. In desperation, the program director gave the scout—who played the accordion—three minutes. His performance was a show-stopper. Today, the ex-scout earns in excess of $150 a week with his own band. And he is only one of many boys who got their first chance in business or professional life through Fred Bolotin, who has no children himself.

Fred Bolotin literally was drafted into his scouting job. The troop was founded by his deceased brother, a blind heart-and-lung specialist, who had interested the West Side Kiwanis Club, of Chicago, in the sightless boys he had combed out of vast reaches of the city. Six sighted scoutmasters tried to lead the troop in the two years before Fred took over the job. All failed. Men with normal vision, however well-intentioned, simply could not get under the skins of sensitive blind kids.

One boy has never seen a star, but he is a more-than-competent astronomer. Happily, he plots the courses of the planets while a sighted friend uses a telescope and describes the wonders he sees to the blind youth. Then there's Joe Cozzo, a nature lover. Joe, who is blind, acquired his fondness for the woods by learning to climb trees while Fred Bolotin stood by, encouraging him.

Fred is almost sixty years old. He has seen his boys become doctors, lawyers, businessmen and skilled workers.

When one boy took an interest in law, Fred hustled him down to an actual trial and the judge seated the delighted youth on the bench beside him. Another boy desperately wanted to earn his own livelihood. Fred gave him the idea of servicing biscuit-vending machines, an occupation in which the scout became highly successful.

Elena Zelayeta, teacher of the blind and expert in Mexican cookery, will teach the College of Wartime Cookery tomorrow at 10:30 a.m. in the Times Building auditorium.

Although Elena lost her sight more than 10 years ago, she has become adjusted to her new world of darkness and is kept busy with her schedule of lectures, radio programs, culinary classes and other public appearances. In addition, this courageous blind woman does all of her own household work and cares for her family. She has an 11-year-old son at home and another boy in the Navy.

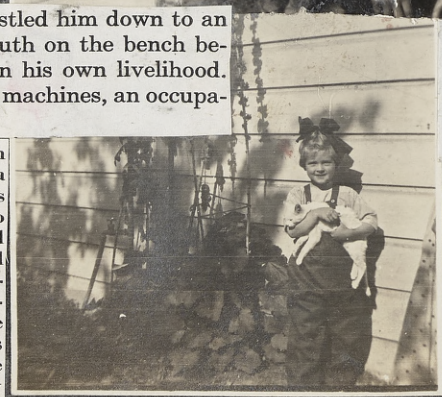
To watch her move about the Times stage so quickly, her deft fingers at work with perfect confidence and ease is an inspiration to all who see her.

Truxton Coombs, blinded by dynamite eleven years ago, cuts three rough cords of pulpwood a day, with his partner, in Hancock County, Maine. The partner fells and limbs the trees, Truxton uses measuring stick and bow saw to feel his way around the felled trees.

LEARNING BY DOING

E. V. Lucas tells of a school in England where sympathy is taught. In the course of the term every child has one blind day, one lame day, one deaf day, one day when he cannot speak. The night before the blind day his eyes are bandaged. He awakes blind. He needs help and other children lead him about. He gets a grasp of what it is really like to be blind. And those who help, having been "blind" themselves, are able to guide and direct the blind with understanding.

Women are retelling a story told by Miss Bertha McCall, director of National Traveler's Aid, during her recent visit here. The small daughter of a friend of Miss McCall each Christmas draws her own Christmas card, a picture of the Christ Child in the manger with Mary and Joseph beside Him. This year she had a strange woman sitting beside the Christ Child. Questioned about the stranger, she explained, "Mary and Joseph have been taking care of the Christ Child long enough. This year they have a sitter and have gone out for the evening."



A young woman with an Irish name was the teacher of a kindergarten in a Massachusetts school. She had taught her class to repeat together the Twenty-third Psalm. As the little voices chorused out, she seemed somewhere to detect a false note. She heard the children one by one, until at last she came across one little boy who was concluding the psalm with the words, "Surely good Miss Murphy shall follow me all the days of my life."

HE WAS very, very old, the farmer with whom I fell to talking, but his eyes still sparkled with an inward happiness. Finally I said, "I wish you'd tell me how you've kept the twinkle in your eyes."

At once he replied, "I make the most of all that comes and the least of all that goes."

THERE'S one thing sure, red and green mean Christmas. So the green-leafed, flaming red poinsettia has two counts in its favor to make it a Christmas flower. Besides, it comes to full bloom in the California fields in December, and greenhouse growers all over the country have learned to time their crops for the holiday season, too.

No one knows just when the poinsettia became a part of your Christmas decorations, but a good bet is that it happened after Paul Ecke started to tame this wild immigrant from Mexico. In southern California, as in its homeland, the poinsettia grows lustily but unpredictably. Some varieties bloom in October, some in January. And the parent plants never know what their young seedlings will grow up to be. Pretty, maybe, but not a good bet commercially.

Paul Ecke (in shirt sleeves) doesn't do any of the cutting of his poinsettias, but he does all the calculating and worrying. Here he watches four runners and two cutters heading for the warehouse with their arms loaded with scarlet blossoms

Greenhouse growers had scarcely better luck than nature in making the poinsettia bloom true and in time for Christmas, until Paul Ecke took on the job of stabilizing its wild beauty.

His father, Albert Ecke, raised vegetables for the Los Angeles market, but his hobby was raising flowers. And in his hobby garden he planted the poinsettia. Young Paul didn't want to be a farmer, but something about the flower must have fascinated him. For he set to work on it twenty-five years ago, and now he has four hundred acres of flaming fields covering the hills twenty miles north of San Diego just off the coastal highway, where tourists come to gape—or did when there were tourists.

From these fields Ecke sells stock to nurserymen in every state. He even sends the stable, improved progeny of the poinsettia back to its native Mexico and, before the war, shipped them as far as the Philippines. He has done such a good job of building a beautiful, predictable plant that most of his grower customers find it cheaper and better to start fresh each spring with new stock from Ecke, rather than to propagate their own.

Ecke harvests two big crops a year. In early spring, tractors dig the major crop—dormant brown roots, the result of 100,000 cuttings put in the spring before. These are boxed and shipped out by the carload. It's a rush harvest, for each grower wants his new stock to arrive on the Monday after Easter. That's the first day he has time to start, and he wants to get going to ready his bloom for Christmas.

Ecke's second crop, though only a by-product of the other, is the spectacular one. For three weeks before Christmas he cuts hundreds of thousands of brilliant blooms and ships them out, packed in dry ice, as far as the East Coast. Before the war, he sent them even to Hawaii. Skilled cutters work in the fields from dawn to dusk while runners stand by to receive the flowers, load them over their shoulders forty to a bunch, then head for the nearest processing station, which may be just a temporary shed set up in the field. Here the stems are promptly boiled to seal in the milky fluid that will keep the poinsettia fresh.

In the big warehouse shed they get another, more drastic treatment. They are dunked, bloom and all, into an acid bath that cures them further. Then they stand in cool water in deep, five-gallon tins, the gayest crowded shedful of stuff you ever saw, till they can be packed and shipped—by express freight now, by air express before the war—and by truck and double-deck trailer to the Los Angeles wholesale flower market, whence they'll scatter all over southern California.

If you should receive cut poinsettias for your Christmas, Ecke says you can prolong their life by continuing the grower's treatment. Keep them in deep, cool water in a room where they get plenty of fresh air. Rejuvenate them now and then by cutting a few inches off each stem and burning or boiling the cut briefly to seal the stalk. Then give them an overnight soak in a bathtub full of cool water. Gently poke each bloom down into the water; it will float to the surface again, refreshed and not bruised if you are careful. And don't take a shower in the same room. They like moisture, but not steam.

But the chances are your poinsettias will be potted, since ninety per cent of them are. Then there are a number of things you can do to keep them blooming happily. They like cool moist air, so if you keep your thermostat below seventy, you'll be conserving your flowers as well as your fuel. Put them in your bedroom or on a glassed-in porch at night, where the air will be refreshed; a night temperature of about fifty degrees is good, and forty-five degrees is still safe for mature plants. Keep them away from the window so they can't get chilled.

If your poinsettia plant did get chilled on its way to your house, it may wilt in the warm air of your room. Then water it pronto with hot water, as hot as your hand can stand. This startling treatment will take the chill out of the pot and warm the roots; in half an hour, your plant will be brisk and perky again. Mr. Ecke says so.

Like all specialists, Paul Ecke is an ardent experimenter. He watches for handsome sports of his poinsettias, then works to develop them true to their type. So it's no wonder he has pink and yellow and cream colored poinsettias, and now a magnificent new one with a coral-colored blossom, that he says will be perfected in another three years.

But he knows better than to count on these for more than a hobby. He knows that the poinsettia is the Christmas flower, and that Christmas means red and green.

Miss Eve Mary Beekman and her class, squinting and grinning in the California sun, pose for the man with the camera. (LEFT) *The Manzanar Relocation Center before a backdrop of mountains*

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The Maharaja of Gwalior, India, owns one of the costliest yet most useful miniature railroad trains in existence. Made of silver and operated by electricity, it travels slowly around the great dining table in the royal palace during meals with its dozen trucks loaded with fruits, nuts, condiments and wines, automatically stopping and starting every few feet so its dishes and decanters may be removed or replaced.

A good listener is not only popular everywhere, but after a while he knows something.

There are no two places on earth today more than 60 hours apart, if you travel by air. 1945

May 1938

1910

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!
—*Robert Browning*

to Miss Rose
from guess who

The Little Kindnesses

At one end of our valley there is a service station where we all go to have our cars serviced or get a cup of coffee and a sandwich, a cone or a cool drink, according to our need or our whim. Katherine is the soul of the place; is, though we meet her there no longer.

No hour of the day was too early, no time too late, to find her there, cheerful, smiling and helpful. She noticed the tired child and had the just-right chair for him. She was quick to see the troubled face and quicker with a tender word of comfort for the sad soul behind it. She had a sympathetic ear for every story and the understanding and good sense to offer for its easing. With every service rendered went a part of her blithe spirit.

It takes little money or none at all. It does require a bit of time, but we have all there is of that. Instead of longing for opportunities to do the world a service, it might be well to do the little thing at our doorstep, securing our own happiness and giving someone else a lift at the same time.

One wild winter night when the wind blew the icy sleet and snow against the city apartment window, we began to worry about the little donkey in the barn up in the valley. Maybe he was cold. Maybe he needed an extra blanket. When we could stand it no longer, we called Katherine to the telephone, and she said: "We'll go up and take a look at him." Soon she called back: "Donkey Hote is very comfortable. He is bedded to the ears and blanketed to the eyes and his disposition is quite normal. He tried to bite us when we asked him how he was."

It was that sort of service, given in love and laughter, that we remembered when they told us she had gone to her long rest. Everybody had some such story to tell—how once, how often, she had done the little thing most needed at the time. Tom, the roadman, said: "I never came past but she had hot coffee waiting for me. No matter how late we were getting the snow plow through, she had the light lit and the pot on the stove."

It is the little kindnesses that fill the biggest places in our lives. The note written to an old friend on his birthday may seem a slight service, but it makes the day for him. A remembrance to Mother and Dad thrills them for days. Doing the mending for a busy worker, soothing a neighbor's fretful baby, doing an errand, combing the dog, remembering to ask a mother about her absent son or daughter, sending a handful of flowers, considering another's joy or sorrow and responding in kindness may seem little to do, but what power it has to lift the burden of care from somebody's shoulders. Just to be remembered.

No matter who we are
Or what we are
Or what we're doing
There's only one racket that pays
And that is—
Playing fair
And being kind.

Hospital for Children
and Training School for Nurses
3700 California Street
San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO CALIF.
JAN 21
7 30 PM
1922

ADDRESS
YOUR MAIL
TO
STREET AND
NUMBER

U.S. POSTAGE 1 CENT

U.S. POSTAGE 1 CENT

Miss Charlotte Roese
Mill Valley
Cal.

Dear Gloriana: How are you
and How is your Dear Mama
and the rest of the Bunch
how Did Flora Die?
I am sorry that Flora
died

1910

Miss Eve Mary Beekman and her class, squinting and grinning in the California sun, pose for the man with the camera. (LEFT) *The Manzanar Relocation Center before a backdrop of mountains*

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Playing fair
And being kind.

To Miss Charlotte Rose:

The Board of Managers of the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses gratefully acknowledges receipt of your kind donation of very pretty "Doll Clothes" which the little girls enjoy very greatly and

for which please accept sincere thanks.

Very truly yours,

J. H. Dunbar

Secretary.

Jan. 21, 1922

Dear Gloriana: How are you and How is your Dear Mama and the rest of the Bunch how Did Flora Die?

I am sorry that Flora died

1910

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3700 California Street
San Francisco

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1910

Come to see us some Day
From your loving litt
Cousin Charlotte Rose

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3700 California Street
San Francisco

SAN FR
JA
3 7
3 19

Miss Eleanor
Will
leave

come to see us some day
From your loving little
Cousin Charlotte Rose

1910

Field Seminary,

Home School for Young Ladies.

1825 TELEGRAPH AVENUE.

P. O. BOX, 136.

Oakland, May 4, 1889.

Mr. F. Fillmore,
for his daughters, Flora & Agnes.

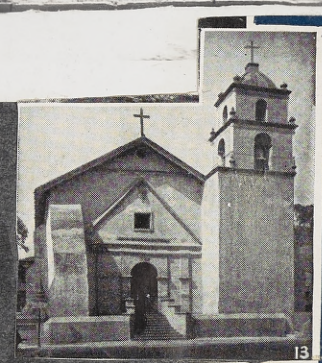
To **MRS. R. G. KNOX**, Dr.

Payable in U. S. Gold Coin on Presentation.

To Board & Tuition	Scholastic month ending		
" Piano Lessons, with use of Piano 1 hour daily			
" Singing " " " " "			
" French "			
" German "			
" Drawing "			
" Painting "			
" Incidentals,	Cash $9.00	9 00	
" Seat in Church,	Doctor's Bill $8.50, Monterey Tiff $13.20	21 70	
" Books & Stationery,	Geography $1.25, Blank Books $2.50	3 75	
	Pencils .40, U. S. History 1.25, Wash Lib .25, 2 Knives .50	2 40	
	Arithmetic .35, Wd. Little Classics 1.00, Paper .35, Rubber .05	1 75	
	Eraser .05, Reading Book .15, Nail polish & polisher .65	85	
			39 45
	Deduction % 2		16 50
			22 95

Received Payment.
Mrs. R. G. Knox by R. G. S.

The seven most famous women in American history, based on the fact that their names have been admitted to the Hall of Fame in New York City since it was founded in 1900, are: Charlotte Cushman, actress; Maria Mitchell, astronomer; Harriet Beecher Stowe, novelist; Frances E. Willard, reformer; and Mary Lyon, Alice F. Palmer and Emma Willard, educators.



San Buenaventura

POLISH PROVERB

If everyone swept in front of his house, the whole town would be clean.

When you can make a person like himself better than he did before he met you, he's bound to like YOU.

Santa Claus Anonymous

I SPOTTED him one day before Christmas in the toy department of my favorite store. He was a gangling, redheaded young man who stood a little aside from the crowd. As he watched, there arrived at the counter a wide-eyed little girl with soft blond curls. Her coat, though worn, was obviously newer than that of the tired-looking woman at her side. The child reached for a snow-white stuffed rabbit, hugged it hungrily to her, then put it down. I saw the redheaded man nod to the salesgirl, who, without seeming to notice his gesture, handed the rabbit to the child. "It's yours," she said. "Compliments of the store."

The youngster stared down at the toy, unbelieving. Her mother, equally incredulous at first, burst into a torrent of thanks. After they left, the redheaded man put a bill on the counter and moved on.

The salesgirl's face brightened when I asked her about the strange transaction. "He comes every year," she said. "Spends his Christmas bonus this way. He always insists that we play Santa for him, and makes us promise to keep his secret. He picks out the kids who haven't got a nickel to spend." She grinned wearily at me. "That guy makes this whole cockeyed Christmas rush worth while."

WHERE IT BEGAN—*This little church in Oberndorf, Salzburg, Austria, has a right to hold its steeple proudly. Here, in 1818, the famous carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night," was first heard. The words were written by the vicar, Josef Mohr, and the music was composed by his friend, Franz Xaver Gruber.*

MARCH-11-1911

THE BIBLE

William Leggett

This little book I'd rather own,
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.

Mill Valley Schools

This is to certify that Charlotte Roese

is entitled to promotion from the First Grade

to the Second Grade.

Average standing 95 June 2, 1911

John E. Cuddeback, Supervising Principal

M. A. Freeman TEACHER

Charlotte Roese
Perfect Attendance
for November.

CHANGE WHEN WRONG

A man who never makes a mistake usually never makes anything else. There is no mistake a man can make which is more serious than not repenting of his mistake when he knows it.

A preacher overslept and, dressing in haste, put his shoes on wrong. When he got in the pulpit he realized his mistake. He announced the collection and while it was being received he sat down in the pulpit chair and began changing his shoes. A deacon went up to him and said: "Pastor, changing your shoes in the pulpit is very embarrassing." The old preacher smiled and said, "Deacon, when I find I am wrong, I then and there change, even if it is embarrassing."

"Who errs and mends, himself to God commends." It is both honorable and commendable to ask forgiveness and certainly it is Christian to forgive when one admits his error.

Here are fifteen sayings by famous Americans.

The world must be made safe for democracy.
The public be damned!
Don't give up the ship!
War is hell.
Give me liberty or give me death!
There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.
I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.
A great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose.
Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.
To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
You cannot fool all of the people all the time.
Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!
No reply was necessary and none was made.
No more privacy than a goldfish.
We took a hell of a beating, but we'll be back.

1. Woodrow Wilson, 2. William H. Vanderbilt, 3. Captain James Lawrence, 4. General W. T. Sherman, 5. Patrick Henry, 6. Calvin Coolidge, 7. General U. S. Grant, 8. Herbert Hoover, 9. Daniel Webster, 10. George Washington, 11. Abraham Lincoln, 12. Admiral David G. Farragut, 13. General Jonathan M. Wainwright, 14. Irvin S. Cobb, 15. General Joseph W. Stilwell.

Hobo's Protege

Man who invented "electric eye" and the germ-killing "Sterilamp" owes his career to a talented wanderer

Young Harvey C. Rentschler kept the neighbors guessing. He wasn't like their sons—easy-going, looking for a good time, taking things as they came. He would plow on his father's farm near Hamburg, Pa., and at the same time set his mind to work on algebraic equations or memorizing Latin verbs.

"It's that hobo," the neighbors would say. "That hobo" had come to the Rentschler farm one day. Young Harvey got to talking to him, found out he had been a college language professor who'd lost his chair because he drank too much. The wanderer turned a new leaf, stayed around and became the youth's tutor, with the result that Harvey, without ever having gone to high school, was admitted at 18 to Princeton University.

What became of the hobo no one seems to know. What happened to young Harvey Rentschler is a matter of record.

Today he is known as Dr. Rentschler, director of research for the Westinghouse lamp division. To his credit are chalked up many inventions—or discoveries—which make life easier and better for all.

Every circus clown originates the design for painting his face and uses it throughout his career without fear of infringement by his colleagues.

In 1903, the Wright brothers flew the first man-carrying airplane nine days after one made by Doctor Samuel Langley had proved a failure. The doctor was so piqued that he had his machine placed on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institution, where he had been an official for 25 years, and called it the first plane to fly with human cargo. Eleven years later, Glenn Curtiss was asked to prove that it was capable of flight, and he flew it, but only after making 35 improvements, including a better engine. It was not until 1942 that the Smithsonian finally admitted in an official publication that the Wrights had built the first machine and apologized for the attitude it had maintained for almost 40 years.

Although American railroads operated on 23 different gauges, or track widths, as late as 1871, they had all adopted the world's standard gauge by 1886, thus making the United States the first country in which a carload of freight could reach any point without having to be unloaded and reloaded en route.—*By Bernard Sachs, New York City.*

ON THE CURTAIN OF FORD'S OPERA HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD.

God conceived the world, that was poetry;
He formed it, that was sculpture;
He colored it, that was painting;
He peopled it with living beings; that was the grand, divine, eternal drama.

On a smooth-surfaced road, drops of oil from a moving motorcar indicate, by their shape, the direction in which the vehicle was traveling at the time.

★NEAR Abingdon, Va., there is a wood carver whose artistic output runs heavily to bears. He carves them swiftly and unerringly from almost any sort of wood, and "primitives" though they are, each one has a remarkably individual bearishness. "I don't see how you do it so easily," I said to him one day, watching his quick knife.

"Well, ma'am," explained the wood carver, "I just look at a little block of wood till I see the b'ar; then I cut away the wood and thar's the b'ar."

Carrots are descendants of Queen Anne's lace, well - known weed of the countryside.

A-1

THE STAMP OF PERFECTION, WAS FIRST USED BY LLOYDS REGISTER, LONDON, TO DENOTE A SHIP WAS IN FIRST-CLASS SHAPE IN HULL AND PROVISIONS. "A" SIGNIFIED THE SHIP; "1," THE PROVISIONS AND STORES ABOARD

The only existing georama, a huge hollow globe whose inner surface depicts a map of the world, is installed in the Christian Science Building in Boston. Thirty feet in diameter, made of colored glass and illuminated from behind, this globe, unlike solid globes and flat maps, enables the spectator, standing on the bridge running through it, to see an undistorted representation of the earth's entire surface at one glance.

Methusaleh was 969 years old when he died.

Memphis, Tenn., barred the movie *Brewster's Millions* because it showed "too much social equality (between Negroes and whites) and racial mixture."

No state approaches Michigan in duplicating the names of lakes. For instance, 440 of these bodies of water are known by only five names, 56 being called Twin Lake, 59 Round Lake, 65 Bass Lake, 87 Long Lake and 173 Mud Lake.—

Some Oriental women scent their hair by sleeping with their head on a small perforated box containing burning incense.

The elaborate coiffures of the women of Bali require no hairpins, bobby pins, nets or clips as they are held securely in place by their twists and knots.—

How America's Unknown Soldier was chosen in France in 1921: On October 22d, one unidentified body was exhumed from each of four American military cemeteries, put in a new plain casket and shipped to Châlons-sur-Marne, where all four arrived the next afternoon and were placed side by side in the city hall. That night, the caskets were rearranged in position and their transportation papers burned to destroy means of tracing cemetery of origin. On October 24th, the selection of the Unknown Soldier was made by Sergeant Edward F. Younger, who, after walking around the four biers several times, signified his historic choice by placing a spray of white roses on the second from the right. Following the ceremony, the Unknown Soldier was transferred secretly to a new casket, and the body of one of the other three soldiers was placed in his old one, so that its burial would obliterate the last possible clue to the identification of the soldier.

"Dog's hair,

MAKING A CLOTH comparable in texture to the best English tweeds from the hairs your dog sheds all over the house sounds fantastic; yet it's being done, and New York stores are clamoring for this novel, high-quality material from which all sorts of outdoor clothing and purses are made.

Originator of this new textile is Mrs. William E. Buckley of Huntington, Long Island. Her venture was launched three years ago when Dogs for Defense, Inc. needed money to carry on its work of procuring and training dogs for the Army. A dog fancier herself, Mrs. Buckley wasn't satisfied with a mere donation. She wanted to provide a steady source of income for the organization.

For some time she had been interested in attempts to make wool and cloth from the coats of long-haired dogs, but these products never had given satisfactory wear. Now she decided to find a way to make durable dog-hair cloth and give the patent to Dogs for Defense.

Starting literally from scratch, she began with trimmings from her own airedale terriers. Their short, harsh hair, laboratory tests revealed, was just what was needed to give strength formerly lacking in dog-hair material. After a year and a half of work, Mrs. Buckley had a formula and process that could be handled like any textile in a mill. When that was achieved, she named her product Loyaltex, in tribute to the real friendship of dogs, and applied for the patent which was to serve Dogs for Defense well.

During the past 100 years, silkworm experiments have blossomed and wilted periodically in America. Difficulties were always cropping up: the most stubborn — how to compete with the cheap hand labor of Japan in unreeling the silk.

A new silk-producing firm, the Anscowain Company, solved this problem last year with an automatic reeling machine that promises to be the cotton gin of the silk industry. This strange-looking contraption reels as much silk in one week as a hand-winder can in 100 days!

In fact, silkworms can grow anywhere in the United States if you have an acre of land and spare time. **Once you've raised your grove of white mulberry trees, you can harvest a crop of silk cocoons every 35 days during the leafing season!**

All the signs point to the growth of an American silk empire. We can raise better quality cocoons than Japan; reel the silk cheaper; offer employment to thousands of our people. And — with the memory of Pearl Harbor — get a greater kick out of wearing home-grown silk stockings.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, but in childhood it's next to impossible.

"Man's superior intelligence is best proved by the fact that he is the only animal that laughs," says a psychologist. This so-called evidence is insufficient and inconclusive. Nine times out of 10 when he laughs it's because of some fool thing another man did.

The conversation had turned to the subject of fraternal organizations. A little blonde housewife in the group found the talk over her head—and of little interest, anyway.

Pressed for a contribution, she observed, "Well, I don't know much about the Masons, but I do think their fruit jars are very nice."

Rarebit is pronounced exactly as it's spelled. But the term is erroneous. The dish of melted cheese is properly called **Welsh rabbit.** In Wales, because of the scarcity of game, cheese was spoken of as "the poor man's rabbit."

A YOUNG BUSINESSMAN returned home all tired out from a hard day at the office, and found his two children rushing madly about the house. He gave them both a scolding and sent them off to bed as soon as they had eaten their supper. The next morning he found this note pinned to his bedroom door: "Be good to your children and they will be good to you. Yours truly, God." —*Capper's Weekly*

The largest number of "heirs" to an American fortune turned up in Philadelphia in 1935 at the proceedings to determine the rightful owners of $25,000,000 which had been left unwilled by a Mrs. Henrietta Garrett. Although this wealthy widow had lived alone without communicating with a friend or relative for 35 years before her death in 1930, more than 26,000 alleged relatives from 48 states and 27 foreign countries claimed a share of her estate. But so far, no one has received a cent.

15 YEARS AGO
OCTOBER 31, 1930

The rails of "the crookedest railroad in the world," Mt. Tamalpais and Muir Woods Scenic Railway, were being torn up.

If you would avoid suspicion, do not lace your shoes in a melon patch.—Chinese Proverb.

Corals not only are found in tropical waters, but in the polar seas as well.

Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.

World to End Next Friday, Pasadena Prophet Predicts

-TUESDAY, SEPT. 18, 1945

Fifty devoted followers of a retired Pasadena missionary spent yesterday as a "day of atonement" in fasting and seclusion —preparing themselves for the heaven-sent "atomic explosion" which their leader declares will result in the end of the world Friday.

The prophet, Rev. Charles G. Long of 1786 Maple St., Pasadena, could not be contacted by reporters yesterday. He and his "children" sat in his darkened living room, quietly meditating.

An anonymous emissary appeared at the door of Mr. Long's residence yesterday to announce that details of the world's end rituals might be revealed today.

"This day is a holy day," he said, "and none must be disturbed."

The former missionary's son, Richard Long, of 2055 N. Garfield Ave., Pasadena, whose belief in the prophecy led him to give up a store clerk's job two months ago in preparation for the millenium, stated that the atomic effect which can be expected Friday is described in the Second Epistle of Peter:

"But the day of the Lord will come as a feast in the night, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

The original basis for the prophecy came when a "luminous arm" wrote mystic figures on a blackboard and "a still, small voice" revealed Sept. 21 as "The Day" to the former missionary.

Feb. '46

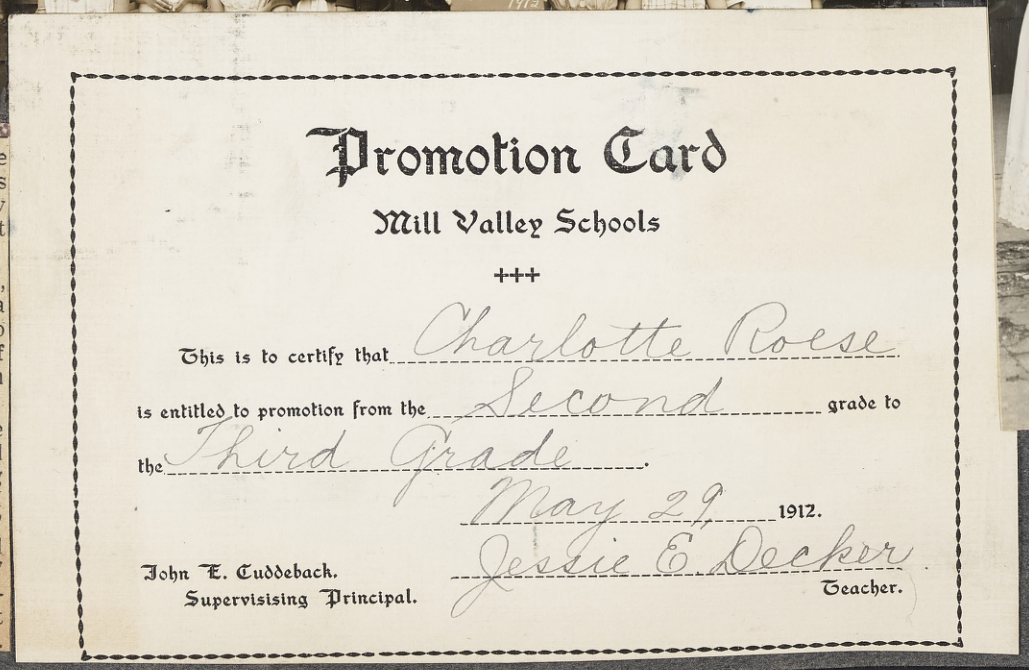
VIDALIA (Ga.) Dec. 29. (AP) The man recognized by the Census Bureau as the country's oldest citizen was buried today at St. Joseph's Colored Baptist Church.

He was James Walter Wilson, born in slavery on a Georgia plantation. He died a week ago at the officially recorded age of 120 years, seven months, seven days.

Wilson won recognition as the oldest citizen when he applied for a pension in 1942, giving his age as 117 and saying "I reckon I'm old enough for one."

Wilson worked as a farm hand until he was 100, preached 17 years, then retired from the ministry but continued to do light field work until his last illness.

Aunt Flora + Uncle Walter



Promotion Card

Mill Valley Schools

+++

This is to certify that Charlotte Roese is entitled to promotion from the Second grade to the Third Grade.

May 29 1912.

John E. Cuddeback. Supervisising Principal.

Jessie E. Decker Teacher.

Miss Charlotte Reese
Children's Hospital
c/o Mrs. Agnes Reese.

THOUGHTLESSNESS

A little bit of hatred can spoil a score of years
And blur the eyes that ought to smile with many needless tears.
A little bit of thoughtlessness and anger for a day
Can rob a home of all its joy and drive delight away.

A little bit of shouting in a sharp and vicious tone
Can leave a sting that will be felt when many years have flown,
And just one hasty minute of ill temper can offend
And leave an inner injury the years may never mend.

It takes no moral fiber to say harsh and bitter things;
It doesn't call for courage to employ a lash that stings;
And cruel words and bitter any fool can think to say,
But the hurt they leave behind them many years can't wipe away.

Just a little bit of hatred robs a home of all delight
And leaves a winding trail of wrong that time may never right.
For only those are happy and keep their peace of mind
Who guard themselves from hatreds and words that are unkind.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

Aichmophobia, or fear of sharp points, as of needles.
Agaraphobia, or fear of open spaces.
Hæmatophobia, or dread of blood.
Monophobia, or fear of solitude.
Necrophobia, or horror of dead bodies.
Thanatophobia, or dread of death.
Bacillophobia, or fear of microbes.
Pathophobia, or fear of disease.
Kleptophobia, or fear of becoming a kleptomaniac.
Pyrophobia, or fear of matches.
Stasophobia, or fear of evil results from standing upright.
Aerophobia, or fear of high places.
Demonophobia, or dread of the devil.
Phobophobia, or fear of having fear.

This Machine Harvests Walnuts

It's Faster and Cheaper

DECEMBER, 1944

A REMARKABLE machine that harvests walnuts many times faster than hand-picking methods and at one-fourth the cost has been developed by Max E. Phillips, 206 West Fulton Avenue, Stockton, who owns and operates a 95-acre orchard in the Linden region about ten miles northeast of that city—an orchard containing 1700 trees of Payne walnuts, an early variety. The advantages of the device have been proved by actual use.

Action picture of walnut harvester designed and built by Max E. Phillips of Stockton and used in his 95-acre orchard.

Phillips designed and built the walnut harvester to overcome the manpower shortage—and it did just that. Formerly he required a crew of about fifty to knock down the nuts, pick them off the ground and sack them by hand. With his machine he needs only eight or ten men and some of them hull nuts as well. The Phillips harvester is mounted on large water-filled wheels and is towed by a small tractor — towed from tree to tree and completely around each tree to assure a 100 per cent pick. One of the principal features is a steel cylindrical tower, 27 feet tall, with crow's nests at three levels for operators who wield long poles to knock the nuts from the trees. There are four crow's nests—one 10 feet high, one 20 feet high and two at the top. To catch the nuts there is a steel apron 22 feet long by 15 feet wide, along the outside edge of which is a hinged canvas apron 22 feet long by 3 feet wide. Both aprons slope toward a trough, so that the nuts run into it. In this trough are screw conveyors that carry the nuts to an elevator in the middle. The elevator delivers them to a sacking device, cleaning them en route by means of sharp edges on the cups, which cut off the leaves and pieces of branches. After sacking, the nuts go to hulling machines and thence to a drying plant and packing house. The conveyors, elevator and other moving parts of the aprons are operated by a 3-horsepower gasoline engine.

With the mechanical device, Phillips harvested his 1944 crop of walnuts at a cost of about $20 per ton, compared to $80 per ton in the days of hand picking. He also used the tower, which is easily detached from the harvester, for spraying his trees and thereby did that important task faster, easier, cheaper and better.

As a concession to the belief of one man, the writer Stewart Edward White, the last three editions of Who's Who in America have deliberately omitted a fact in his sketch, the death of his wife in 1939, the first "inaccuracy" permitted in the some 465,000 biographies published in this book in 46 years. Mr. White does not consider his wife dead, because he continues to feel her presence and writes his books with her collaboration. His conviction is based on the fact that, when alive, Betty White developed psychic powers and often communicated with the other world.—

NUT MEATS COME OUT WHOLE FROM THE SHELL IF NUTS ARE SOAKED OVERNIGHT IN SALT WATER

We need to remember that we are not increasing our own store of wisdom while we are talking. We only do that while we are listening.

After eight years in America, Dr. Hu Shih, the former Chinese Ambassador, is returning to China and will assume his post as president of the University of Peiping. He will present to the University his private paper match-cover collection, the largest in the world. This is how the collection was started: Shortly after he arrived here, at a dinner given in his honor, matches bearing his name were distributed. The Ambassador kept some. Then a *Life* cameraman photographed the Ambassador at home, saw the match covers, and used a caption reporting that Dr. Hu was a match-cover collector.

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The words, Ace, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Jack, Queen, King add up to 52 letters, exactly the number of playing cards in a full deck.

Pledge

Taking

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

as my motto, I promise to care for my teeth daily.

Charlotte Roess
Mill Valley

1913

He Created an Alphabet

More than one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Tennessee River, there lived an American who made an interesting contribution to American history: an unique alphabet. He was George Guess, a Cherokee Indian whose tribal name was Sequoya. This self-tutored man presented his race with the phonetic characters that form one of the most beautiful languages ever spoken.

With only the help of his daughter, Eye-O-kah, he labored for twelve years to produce the musical cadences which make it possible for anyone to read Cherokee after studying the alphabet for just one day. George Guess listened to the sounds of birds and animals, then created 86 symbols on rocks and called them "talking stone." His statue is in the national Capitol and the oldest living things in the entire world are named for him, the giant redwoods of the Yosemite Valley of California—the Sequoias.

—Milton Bacon

As late as the 18th century, most persons played the violin by fingering it with the right hand and bowing it with the left.

Why is it easier to cram an idea into a full brain than an empty one?

AMERICAN INVENTED IT

The Japanese jinrikisha was invented by an American missionary, the Rev. Jonathan Goble. With the aid of a Japanese carpenter and a picture of a baby carriage, he built the first one for Mrs. Goble, who had fallen ill in Yokohama.

Nothing wilts laurels like resting on them.

The Class of June
Nineteen Hundred Nineteen
of the

Mill Valley Grammar School

desires your presence at its

Graduation Exercises

Boyle's Canyon
Saturday afternoon, June the twenty-first
nineteen hundred nineteen
at 3:30 o'clock

No presents

One of the oddest signals flown by a ship is the white paying-off pennant which is hoisted on a British naval vessel to show that it is homeward bound to be put out of commission. Although this pennant is only two inches wide, its length is equivalent to that of the ship, which may be hundreds of feet. Therefore, a small balloon has to be attached to the end of the ribbonlike streamer to keep it in the air.

Maine is the only state in the Union that touches only one other state.

Blessed are they who have nothing to say—and can't be persuaded to say it.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Man—That irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around a home.

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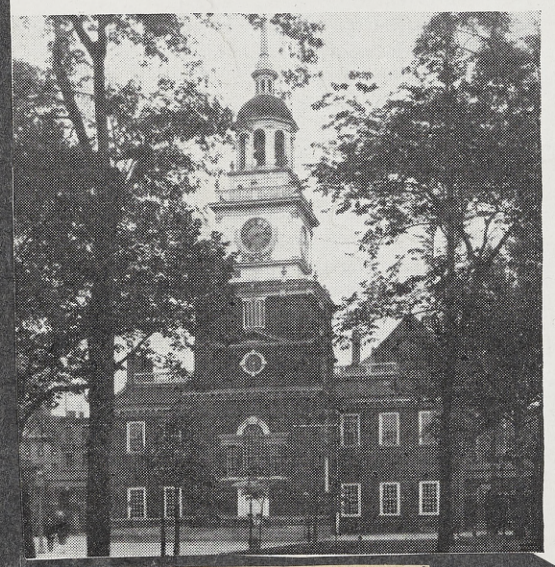
It was in the middle of one winter that I came upon an old Negro woman, with a boy of some seven or eight years of age, crouched upon the sidewalk just outside Independence Hall, spelling out the inscription on a great brass seal laid in the cement. Her snow-white hair and ebony face would have marked her anywhere, but down there on the pavement, engrossed in examining the brass seal, she could not possibly be overlooked.

Out of curiosity, I paused for a moment to listen. With a long bony finger she was tracing each letter carefully and studiously, as she spelled out the words—"*Abraham Lincoln stood on this spot in . . .*" And the little boy leaned over intently, his hands upon his knees, missing not a word.



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And as the old Negress drew herself up erect, with a great effort, the spirit of her humble reverence took hold upon me, too. I took off my hat. I lifted my face to the sky. I stood up straight. And when, at last, the woman and the child had turned away, I stepped reverently upon the great brass seal and prayed that I, too, an heir to the benefits of the nation for which the great emancipator gave his life, might be worthy, in part at least, of the sacrifice we made of him.

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Class Officers

Grace Finn	President
Katherine Hayes	Vice-President
Mary B. Perry	Secretary
Abel M. Costa	Treasurer
Barbara Penfield	Valedictory
Madeleine Bedecarrax	Prophecy

Class Motto: "Our Country Leads Us"

Lorraine A. Azevedo
Beryl Alice Britton
Hilarita Boyle
Madeleine Bedecarrax
Alfred Baken
Edith May Chatelaine
Abel M. Costa
Vida I. Elkins
Grace Finn
Lois Katheleen Fenton
Willis M. Forbes
Gilchrist L. Hurst
Dorothy Howe
Katherine Hayes
Doris E. Jones
Margaret Edith Leaf
William H. Muller
Alva Dorothy Milsner
Elizabeth L. Millward
Matilda E. Petermeier
Dorothy M. Nye
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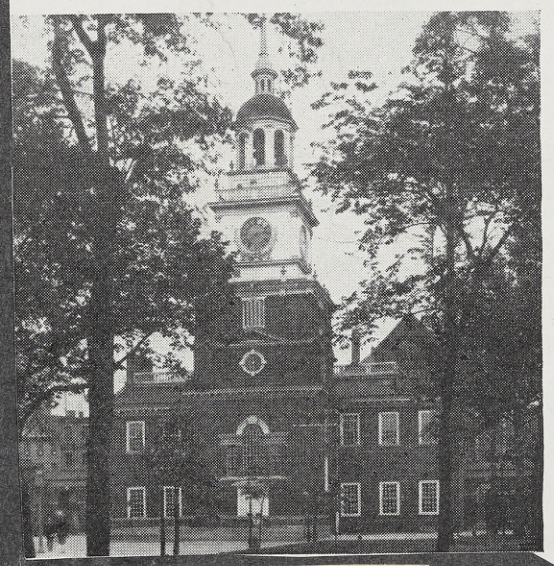

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The words, Ace, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Jack, Queen, King add up to 52 letters, exactly the number of playing cards in a full deck.

Pledge

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GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

as my motto, I promise to care for my teeth daily.

Charlotte Roess
Mill Valley

1913

He Created an Alphabet

More than one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Tennessee River, there lived an American who made an interesting contribution to American history: an unique alphabet. He was George Guess, a Cherokee Indian whose tribal name was Sequoya. This self-tutored man presented his race with the phonetic characters that form one of the most beautiful languages ever spoken.

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Nineteen Hundred Nineteen
of the

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desires your presence at its

Graduation Exercises

Boyle's Canyon
Saturday afternoon, June the twenty-first
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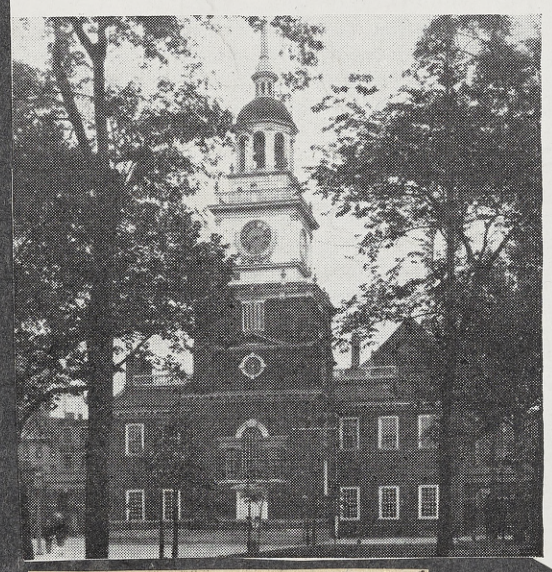
STANDING IN A HOLY PLACE

I SELDOM go to Philadelphia that I do not plan, if time permits, at least a short visit to Independence Hall. The Liberty Bell and the holy associations of the historic old building seem to have the effect of restoring my soul. I am especially interested in the sight of wide-eyed children listening to some guide or teacher explaining to them the sacred relics and their significance.

It was in the middle of one winter that I came upon an old Negro woman, with a boy of some seven or eight years of age, crouched upon the sidewalk just outside Independence Hall, spelling out the inscription on a great brass seal laid in the cement. Her snow-white hair and ebony face would have marked her anywhere, but down there on the pavement, engrossed in examining the brass seal, she could not possibly be overlooked.

Out of curiosity, I paused for a moment to listen. With a long bony finger she was tracing each letter carefully and studiously, as she spelled out the words—"*Abraham Lincoln stood on this spot in . . .*" And the little boy leaned over intently, his hands upon his knees, missing not a word.



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And as the old Negress drew herself up erect, with a great effort, the spirit of her humble reverence took hold upon me, too. I took off my hat. I lifted my face to the sky. I stood up straight. And when, at last, the woman and the child had turned away, I stepped reverently upon the great brass seal and prayed that I, too, an heir to the benefits of the nation for which the great emancipator gave his life, might be worthy, in part at least, of the sacrifice we made of him.

But as I moved on, the temptation was strong upon me to turn back and look. I beheld the hurrying throng, trampling upon the big brass seal with never a thought of the fact that they were treading upon holy ground. Their business called them, and they hastened, but in their haste they missed the sanctity.

And I would have missed it, too, except for the ministry of an unknown old Negress with snow-white hair and a grateful heart.

Blessed is the man who sees the glories under his feet, for he shall have vision to see the glories over his head.

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One of the reasons why some people see nothing in life but a game or a gamble is because they have never learned to think and feel on any higher level. The ability to see God is not promised to the great, the powerful, and the learned, but to the pure in heart—to those whose souls are unsullied by malice, pride, vanity or lust.

God alone knows how many holy places have felt the tread of our feet this day, as we have walked unthinking along the way. Let the unseeing thank God for those who show them holiness, even though they be old and ignorant and unschooled. For they are the children of God.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SAYS HE WILL LEAVE HIS FORTUNE TO ESTABLISHING A 42-LETTER ALPHABET AND A SYSTEM OF SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.

"Th' rain, though rainin' every day
Upon the just an' unjust feller,
Falls mostly on the just—because
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I met a man who wasn't there!
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May 10-13

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GOTTLOB, MARX & CO., MANAGERS

SIX NIGHTS BEGINNING MONDAY, MAY 5
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—*Extra Matinee Thursday*

CHARLES FROHMAN
Presents

MAUDE ADAMS

In J. M. BARRIE'S

"PETER PAN"

OR, THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP

By the Author of "The Little Minister"

Who are you, Pan?
I'm Youth, Eternal Youth!
I'm the Sun rising. I'm poets singing,
I'm the new world, I'm a little bird
That has broken out of the egg.
I'm joy, joy, joy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Peter Pan ..... Maude Adams
Mr. Darling ..... Robert Peyton Carter
Mrs. Darling ..... Marion Abbott
Wendy Moria Angela Darling ..... Ann Pittwood
John Napoleon Darling ..... Edwin Wilson
Michael Nicholas Darling ..... Audrey Ridgewell
Nana ..... Byron Silvers
Tinker Bell ..... Jane Wren
Tootles ..... Lola Clifton
Nibs ..... Dorothy Chesmond
Slightly ..... William Sheafe, Jr.
Curley ..... Margaret Gordon
First Twin ..... Dorothy Tureak
Second Twin ..... Anna Reader
(Members of Peter's Band)
Jas. Hook, the Pirate Captain ..... R. P. Carter
Smee ..... Edward See
Starkey ..... Wallace Jackson
Cecco ..... Allen Fawcett
Mullins ..... James L. Carhart
Noodler ..... Gustave Strowig
Jukes ..... Stephen Wittman
Cookson ..... August Kraemer
Blackman ..... Stafford Windsor
Great Big Little Panther ..... Dillon Deasy
Tiger Lily ..... Madge Treadwell
Liza, author of the play ..... Helen McDonald
Redskins, Pirates, Crocodile, Ostrich, Lion, Pack of Wolves, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

ACT I.—Our Early Days Inside House.
ACT II.—The Never, Never, Never Land.
ACT III.—Our Home Underground.
ACT IV.—The Pirate Ship.
ACT V.—Scene 1. Inside the House. We Return to Our Distracted Mother. Scene 2. Outside the House. Scene 3. The Tree Tops.

Scenery by J. M. Hewlett, A. T. Hewlett, Charles Basing.

Stage Manager ..... Allen Fawcett
Assistant Stage Director ..... Homer Saint Gaudens
Assistant Stage Manager ..... Hugh B. Reilly
Musical Director ..... Alfred Roth

MUSICAL NUMBERS:

AFTER ACT I.
1. Morning—"Peer Gynt" Suite ..... E. Grieg
2. "Water Nymph" ..... E. Nevin

AFTER ACT II.
1. "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen" ..... E. Grieg
2. "Pas des Amphores" ..... Chaminade

AFTER ACT III.
1. "Oh, That We Two Were Maying" ..... E. Nevin
2. "A Day in Venice" ..... E. Nevin
   (a) Dawn.
   (b) Gondoliers.
3. Valse Caprice ..... Chaminade

AFTER ACT IV.
1. Two Songs from "A Child's Garden of Verses" ..... E. Nevin
2. Variations from "Callirhoe" ..... Chaminade

FOR THE BENEFIT OF LATE COMERS THE FOLLOWING OUTLINE OF THE STORY OF PETER PAN IS GIVEN:

Mr. Barrie says in his instructions to the actors in Peter Pan: "The actors in a fairy play should feel that it was written by a child in all earnestness, and that they are children playing it in the same spirit." And so when little Liza, the supposed author of the play, appears before the curtain and tells the leader of the orchestra that he may proceed, we are prepared for all the strange things that follow.

Peter Pan is a boy who did not want to grow up. When he was a very little fellow he ran away from the human world and lived with the fairies in Never Never Never Land. But he had a great fondness for stories, and so, now and then, he would fly to earth at Story Time and peep into nursery windows. One night, when Mrs. Darling was telling stories to her children, he crept into the room to listen. Mrs. Darling saw him and was frightened, and Peter tried to escape, but Nana, the faithful dog, who had always been the Darling children's nurse, closed the window so quickly that it cut off Peter's shadow, and he was forced to fly away without it.

ACT I. In the first act we see Peter returning to the Darling house in search of his lost shadow. The children are asleep and the nursery unguarded, and with the aid of Tinker Bell, the little fairy whom mortals see only as a dancing ball of light, he finds his shadow. But he can't make it stick on. Fortunately Wendy wakes and see the trouble he is in, and being a motherly little soul, sews the shadow on for him. Peter tells her about the fairy world he lives in and it seems very charming to Wendy. So she wakes the other children. Peter teaches them all to fly, and away they go through the window to the Never Never Never Land.

ACT II. The second act is in the Never Never Never Land, where Peter and his band build a little house for Wendy. And here we see the blood-thirsty Pirates and their wicked leader, Captain Hook, who is Peter's mortal enemy.

ACT III. The third act shows the children's home underground, guarded above by their faithful friends, the Red Skins. The Pirates attack the Red Skins and drive them away, and Hook puts poison in Pan's medicine glass, but Tinker Bell saves him by drinking it herself, and is about to die when she, in turn, is saved by the reassuring message that all children believe in fairies.

ACT IV. The fourth act shows how Hook captures the little Darlings and the band of lost boys and carries them off to the Pirate ship. But in the darkest moment of terror Pan comes to the rescue, and the band throw the Pirates into the sea.

ACT V. In the fifth act the children return to their mother, for the heart of a child goes home when the day of adventure is done.

The last scene is a glimpse into Fairyland itself. There Peter, in the little house high up in the tree tops, waves a friendly good-bye to all who believe in fairies.

NEXT ATTRACTION **FRANCES STARR**

Morton L. Cook Co., Publishers, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco

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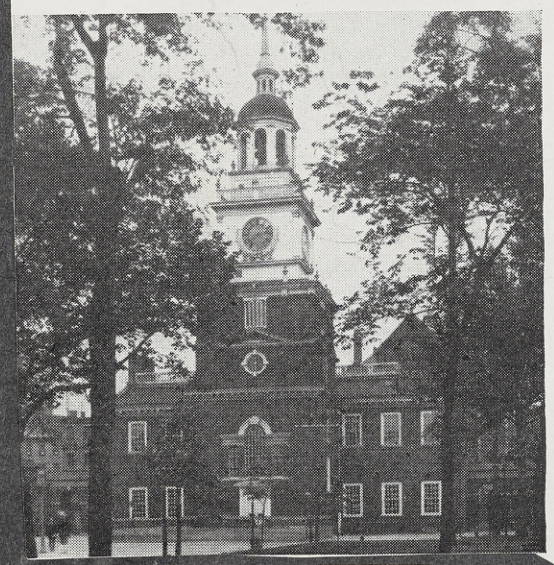

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MAUDE ADAMS

I am indebted to the office of the Ambassador of the Dominion of Canada for the information in this article.

The exact origin remains in doubt, but the name Canada is believed to be a word of the Huron-Iroquois language meaning "a collection of lodges," hence, an Indian village.

In a narrative describing his second voyage to Canada in 1535, the French explorer Jacques Cartier (zhak kar-TYAY) wrote: "Ils appellent une ville—Canada," they (the Indians) call a village "canada."

There is an amusing theory,

A vacation is supposed to be a change and a rest (the bellhops get the change and the hotels get the rest)

Postcard message from a truthful vacationist: "Having a wonderful time. Wish I could afford it."

Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen, "You're a beautiful creature."
And the hen, just for that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the Hen reward Beecher.

P.-T. A. Honors Miss Roese

Members of the May Henning P.-T. A. honored Mrs. Charlotte Roese, one of the teachers who is leaving Ventura this year, with a pot-luck luncheon Friday noon in the school cafetaeria.

The honored guest was presented with a "friendship pillow", embroadered in the P.-T. A. colors, the gift of the entire group, and other gifts were presented to her by individuals.

LUNCH

A lunch is something most of us . . . Partake of every day . . . Particularly if we work . . . For what is known as pay . . . We either bring it with us in . . . A little paper sack . . . Or else we leave our place of toil . . . And run out for a snack . . . But sometimes lunch is more than just . . . The chance to grab our hat . . . Or starve ourselves to keep ourselves . . . From multiplying fat . . . It is the opportunity . . . To keep a special date . . . With somebody we know real well . . . And have not seen of late . . . The chance to talk of olden times . . . That gave us quite a thrill . . . And maybe pay a favor back . . . By calling for the bill.—

DID you know that in Australia thousands of dogs wear shoes? Without them the thousands of herding dogs used in the sheep industry would be in a sorry fix. During one season of the year the grazing fields of Australia are covered with a wild flower called Bindi-Eyes. The leaves of this plant are sharp and spikey and they literally cut a dog's pads to ribbons. To overcome this the Australian shepherds have devised soft leather boots for their dogs—and the dogs wear them and like them.

You live in California, perhaps were born in this state, but do you know how it got its name?

Dr. John P. Harrington, linguistic expert of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, in a study published in the Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences, points out:

" . . . That about the year 1511, the writer, Montalvo . . . translating the early Spanish novel "Amadis de Gaula," which had been written in Portuguese, into Spanish . . . added a fifth book which was called "Las Sergas de Esplandian" . . . and in this book speaks of an imaginary island called California . . . which was ruled by the Queen, Calafia . . .

"The setting of Montalvo's story is the region of Constantinople . . . and the Caliphate . . . The author was undoubtedly thinking of the Caliphate when he wrote California . . . and at the end of the word, like a handwriting flourish, he added the Greek word, ornis, bird . . . He did this because if he called the island Calafia it would have made the name of the island and its queen identical . . . Montalvo claimed he got the entire story from a Greek."

Twenty-seven years later, in 1537, the Spanish explorer, Cortes, gave his colony at La Paz, in Mexico, the name California. That was what is now Lower California. And the name spread to Upper California.

The New Man OCTOBER 1, 1945

Spry old Henry Ford wrote a letter to the board of directors of his company: "I hereby resign the office of president. . . . May I recommend the appointment of my grandson, Henry Ford II, as my successor." The board, controlled lock, stock & proxies by old Henry, considered the "recommendation," obediently upped Young Henry, 28, from executive vice president to president.

Actually, the change was more in title than in fact. The Master of the Rouge at 82 will still keep his fingers on the controls of his company as an "adviser." He showed no signs of retiring: despite a spell of sickness, which laid him flat on his back three weeks ago, he was once more dog-trotting through his plants last week, keeping a sharp blue eye on everything.

He would also go right on teaching tall, agreeable Young Henry how to run an empire, a job Old Henry had started two years ago at the death of Edsel Ford. Young Henry has worked hard at his lessons. Now, he may have more of a chance to show what he has learned.

How to Stay Young

From This Week Magazine

Over General MacArthur's desk there hangs a message. It will bring you courage and faith. . . .

Famed War Correspondent Col. Frederick Palmer called on Douglas MacArthur at his Manila Headquarters. His most vivid memory: three frames over the General's desk. One, a portrait of Washington. One, a portrait of Lincoln. One, the framed message which you will read in part below. The General has had it in sight ever since it was given to him some years ago by John W. Lewis. It is based on a poem written by the late Samuel Ullman of Birmingham, Ala.

YOUTH is not a time of life—it is a state of mind; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over love of ease.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years; people grow old only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether seventy or sixteen, there is in every being's heart the love of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and the starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy and the game of life.

You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear, as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

So long as your heart receives messages of beauty, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from man and from the Infinite, so long you are young.

When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then you are grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

advice from Ralph Waldo Emerson to his daughter:

"Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterday."

We all do things that don't show us up at our best, things which often cause us heartaches and sleepless nights, but the best thing is to do what we can to correct our mistakes. If we can't do that, forget them and go on to something better.—*Mrs. Hester Walker, Texas.*

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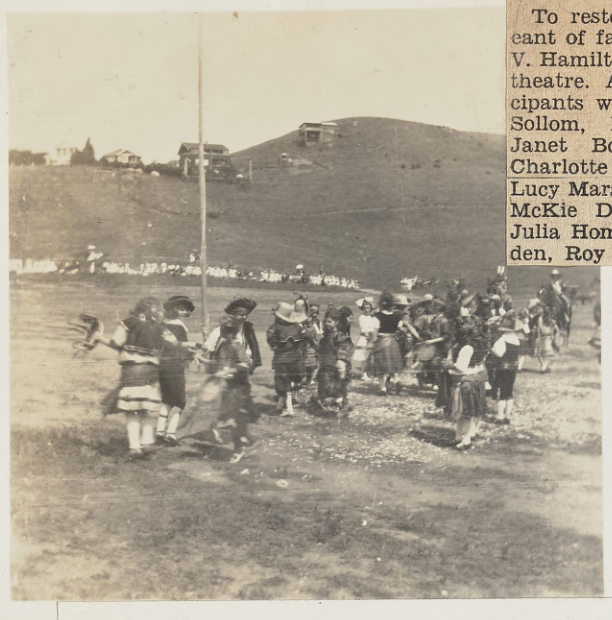
CAL.
Charlotte Roese,
Buena Vista Ave.,
Mill Valley.

25 YEARS AGO
NOVEMBER 27, 1920

To restore the Old Mill a pageant of fans, directed by Mrs. Ruby V. Hamilton, was given at the Hub theatre. Among the many participants were Guin Robinson, Inez Sollom, Marjorie Van Norden, Janet Bostwick, Juliette Leger, Charlotte Roese, Katherine Cook, Lucy Marsh, Mrs. Robert Finn and McKie Donnan, McLeod Batten, Julia Homberger, Robert Van Norden, Roy Mills.



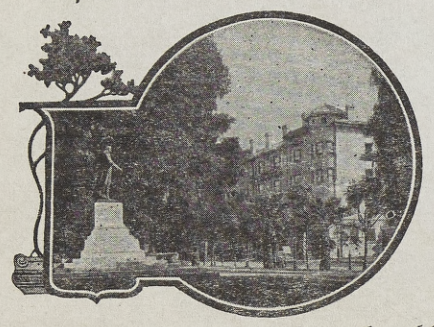
CHANGE

John Kendrick Bangs

To take things as they be—
That's my philosophy.
No use to holler, mope, or cuss—
If they was changed they might be wuss.

Miss Charlotte Roese
Mill Valley
California.

Hotel St. James



San Jose, California, Sep. 14/13

Dear Charlotte

I rec'd your letter this morning, and was very glad to hear from you. I was out and had dinner with Jessie & Fred on Wednesday — they are all well. My brother is going to the State Fair to day or tomorrow and will probably call to see you on his way back, but I will be home by that time. I will probably be home Tuesday or Wednesday (16th or 17th) but can not be entirely sure.

With love to all

Your father

Mill Valley

25 YEARS AGO
NOVEMBER 27, 1920

To restore the Old Mill a pageant of fans, directed by Mrs. Ruby V. Hamilton, was given at the Hub theatre. Among the many participants were Guin Robinson, Inez Sollom, Marjorie Van Norden, Janet Bostwick, Juliette Leger, Charlotte Roese, Katherine Cook, Lucy Marsh, Mrs. Robert Finn and McKie Donnan, McLeod Batten, Julia Homberger, Robert Van Norden, Roy Mills.

CHANGE

John Kendrick Bangs

To take things as they be—
That's my philosophy.
No use to holler, mope, or cuss—
If they was changed they might be wuss.

Miss Charlotte Roese
Mill Valley
California.

Dear little Charlotte:-

Mrs. Meyer received her lovely letter this morning and she was very much pleased about it. It is too bad that you have to stay indoors so long, but wont it just be glorious when you can get out into the sunshine again!

Mrs. Meyer is feeling quite well, thank you, and we are all glad to hear that you will soon be able to go to school

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again.

Here is a puzzle for you. Guess who the girl in the goat cart is? You can see that it is the first time she ever drove a goat. See how she holds the lines — she is dreadfully afraid he will run away. They do — sometimes.

George Mantell is getting smarter every day. He opens bureau drawers and little closet doors and brings us all kinds of things, and he just has to be watched every minute. He plays "train" with his milk bottle and everything that he can get hold of and he is just full of mischief and fun. I guess he will play with Margery some day because they are so nearly the same age. Now he only scares her by making awful noises. But that is just like a boy!

Once there was a little girl
Who did n't have a little curl
Right in the middle of her forhead;
But she nearly had the dumps
For she went and got the mumps
And they were just perfectly horrid!

But instead of moping around,
She consolation found
By making other folks feel better;
And an old lady sad
She made feel so very glad
By writing her a nice long letter.

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Miss Charlotte Roese
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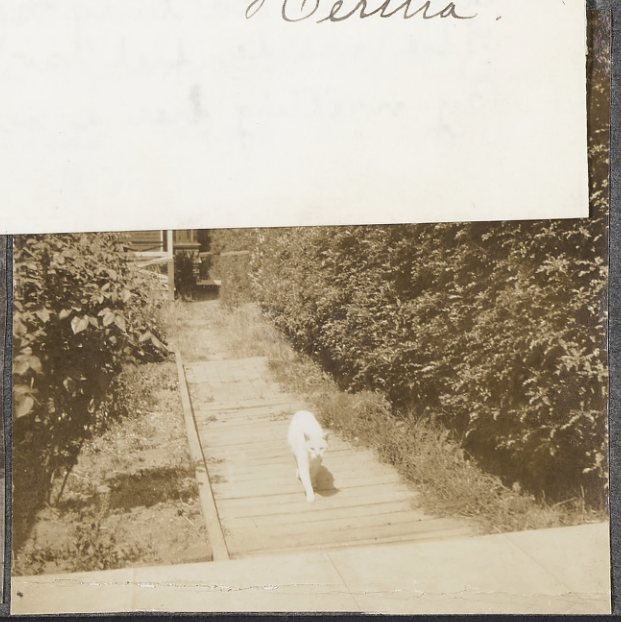
Well, Charlotte dear, we hope soon to see you running about out of doors again. You will feel fine after those old mumps are gone.

Tyler just said "Why dont you send Charlotte my picture too?" At least that is what I understood him to say, so I will put it in.

With much love from us all,

Your friend

Hertha.



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While correcting her fifth grade history students' exams, a schoolteacher found this bit of "wee wisdom":

Question: What was George Washington noted for?

Answer: His memory. They erected a monument to it.

OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Arthur Chapman

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where the sun is a little brighter,
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Out where friendship's a little truer,
That's where the West begins;
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing—
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,
Where fewer hearts in despair are aching,
That's where the West begins;
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,
And a man makes friends without half trying—
That's where the West begins.

I wonder will the future bring
A day when I may hide a thing
In secret and with utmost care,
And later on remember where.

THREE PROFESSORS were sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. They became so deeply engrossed in conversation that they failed to notice when the train arrived. In fact, they didn't see it until it was pulling out. Then all three sprinted for the train.

Two of them caught it. The third was standing dejectedly on the platform when a waggish bystander remarked, "Why look so sad? Two out of three made it. That's a pretty good average."

"Yes, I know," sighed the professor, "but those two came down to see me off."

The Way of the Translator

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God. This scriptural saying has been repeated millions of times, but it is a mistranslation from the original Greek.

The idea of a camel going through the eye of a needle was striking. The Greek original of the Gospel, however, merely spoke of the difficulty a rope would have in passing through the eye of a needle. The Greek equivalent of rope is *kamilos*, but another Greek word, *kamelos*, means camel. The man who translated the Gospel into Latin confounded the two words — and from the Latin translation his mistake has passed into all the other languages of the world.

—Max Nomad in *The American Mercury*

BARNUM ON PASSES

When P. T. Barnum was the world's greatest show man, he was so besieged all the time with requests for free passes that he finally posted the following excerpts from the Bible over his office door:

"Thou shalt not pass." Numbers 20:18.

"Suffer not a man to pass." Judges 30:28.

"None shall pass." Mark 13:10.

"Neither any son of man shall pass." Jeremiah 43.

"Though they roar, yet they cannot pass." Jeremiah 3?.

"So he paid the fare thereof, and went." Jonah 3.

Mother wanted to spend Saturday downtown, and father (who was a statisician) reluctantly agreed to give up his golf and spend the afternoon with the children. On the return of mother the father handed her the following report of the afternoon:

Dried tears—9 times.

Tied shoes—13 times.

Toy balloons purchased—3 per child.

Average life of a balloon—13 seconds.

Cautioned children not to cross street—21 times.

Children crossed street — 21 times.

Number of Saturdays I will do this again—0.

When exposed to danger, some men keep so cool that their teeth chatter. —SHANNON FIFE.

Before AAA

"In case a horse will not pass an automobile on the road, the car driver must take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the bushes."

This was one of many startling rules set forth by the Farmers' Anti-Automobile Society when it was organized thirty years ago in Pennsylvania.

Among other rules designed to keep gasoline buggies in place were these:

Automobiles on country roads at night were to send up a rocket every mile, then wait ten minutes for the road to clear. The driver could then proceed carefully, blowing his horn and shooting off Roman candles.

Speed limits on country roads were to be kept secret, yet drivers were to be fined $10 for every mile that they exceeded the limit.

Upon approach of a team, the automobilist was to stop, off side, and cover his machine with a blanket painted to correspond to the scenery.

There were numerous other such rules and, in addition, loyal members of the Farmers' Anti-Automobile Society were urged to spend Sundays chasing automobiles, shooting and shouting at drivers, attempting arrests, and otherwise discouraging country touring on the day of rest.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME